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McKean County Miner.

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FOUND DEAD SUNDAY MORNING

William Maxwell's Body Found Along Pennsylvania R. R. Tracks.

CONDITIONS INDICATED FOUL PLAY

But Investigation Proved Otherwise —A. A. Oakes Detained and Released—Death Was Due to Exposure, Etc.

Last Sunday morning the citizens of Smethport and East Smethport were given occasion for a good deal of excitement when it became noised around that the body of a man had been found lying along the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks between a quarter and a half mile south of the depot at East Smethport and that the surroundings indicated that he had met with foul play.

Between the hours of seven and eight Sunday morning Frank Curtis, who is employed cutting wood on the O'Brien lot, came down the track for some groceries and saw the body of a man lying about 15 feet from the track, and when he went to see if he could arouse him found that the man was dead. He notified Constable Callen, who sent a telephone message to Coroner Hall, and then with several others viewed the remains. The body, which was immediately identified as that of William Maxwell, a Scotchman who resided in Crosby, and the condition of the surroundings pointed strongly to foul play and when it was found that Coroner Hall could not be reached, Justice of the Peace O. T. Chase was directed to act as coroner and hold an investigation, and he empanneled the following jury: P. H. McAhon, foreman, John D. Abbey, W. G. Dickeson, John Stull, W. A. Yentzer and Glenn Chase. The body was examined, a pipe, some tobacco and a handkerchief being found in the pockets. A small scratch or bruise was discovered on the forehead and when the coat, which was partially pulled over his head was being straightened out, it was thought that the left arm was broken above the elbow, and a slight bruise was found at the point of the elbow. Upon the soft ground between the track and the place where the body lay there were indications of a struggle, which made suspicions of murder very strong. After these facts were noted by the jury the body was removed to Justice Chase's office and further hearing was adjourned to 8 a. m. Monday morning.

Upon inquiry it was learned that Maxwell and a Norwegian named Anthony Anderson Oakes, both somewhat under the influence of liquor had left the Pennsylvania depot at about 4:30 Saturday afternoon and started up the track, Maxwell having a quart bottle and Oakes a ham in his possession, and that at about 6 o'clock that evening the conductor on the local freight saw a man lying beside the track and another going across the fields from this point.

With these facts in their possession the authorities considered it advisable to apprehend Oakes and detain him until the coroner's jury rendered a verdict as to the cause of Maxwell's death and Deputy Sheriff W. B. Clarke and Constable E. W. Jones drove up to Oakes' shanty in Burbank hollow and found Oakes near his place of abode. They apprised him of Maxwell's death and brought Oakes to town. In his statement to the sheriff and deputy he said that he was in no way to blame for Maxwell's death and that until then he did not know that he was dead. He said Maxwell fell down on the track and he dragged him off on the grass and after making some effort to arouse him, left him thinking that he was only drunk and would wake up before long and go home.

Late Sunday afternoon Doctors Brown and Ostrander performed an autopsy on the body and a careful examination proved conclusively that William Maxwell had not came to his end by foul play, but that his death was due to exposure or exhaustion, induced by alcoholic spirits. The autopsy proved that his arm was not broken, but that an old injury made it appear that way upon first examination. His heart was badly diseased, his lungs were adhered to the chest and as black as coal, being what is generally termed miner's lungs, filled with coal dust, although he had not worked in the mines for nearly 20 years. His kidneys and spleen were also in bad condition and his general physical condition was such that death was liable to occur at any time without apparent cause.

Monday morning acting Coroner Chase held the inquest and several witnesses were sworn but the only ones of particular importance were the doctors who held the autopsy. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the testimony of the doctors.

William Maxwell was aged about 59 years and had lived at Crosby for the past 13 years. He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Nellie Bloomer of Seattle, Wash., Miss Elizabeth of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Anna of Coudersport; one son, William Maxwell, Jr., of Crosby and one sister, Mrs. Malburn of Coudersport.

The funeral services were held at St. Luke's church, Wednesday morning, Rev. J. Hober McCandless officiating. His remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

Eldred 5, Smethport 0.

The Smethport High School football team played its first game last Saturday afternoon with the Eldred High School eleven on the Eldred grounds. A steady rain had been falling up to the time of the game and the grounds were in such a muddy condition that the chances for brilliant open play were out of the question, except on the portion of the gridiron which was covered with green-sward. The game was stubbornly contested and Smethport only met defeat in the last half, when Eldred secured its only touchdown and failed to kick goal.

Eldred won the toss and chose the south goal and kicked off to Smethport's 20 yard line. Smethport advancing the ball about 20 yards before being downed. Then by a series of line plunges, occasionally interspersed with short end runs, the ball was carried to the center of the field where the ball went to Eldred on downs. Smethport then held Eldred on the first series of downs and then by some fine line bucking and one long end run by Eckert the ball was carried to Eldred's 18 yard line. Here a fumble left Smethport with five yards gain on the last down. Hopper made a hard plunge through the line and for a time it looked like a touchdown, but he stumbled and was downed about a foot short of the necessary gain and the ball went to Eldred. Eldred then carried the ball back into Smethport territory by some good end runs, and at the close of the half the ball was on Smethport's 35 yard line and in Smethport's possession.

Smethport kicked off to Eldred's 25 yard line and the ball was advanced 10 yards. Eldred advanced to near the center of the field when the ball went to Smethport but was soon returned to Eldred. By several successful end plays the ball was advanced to about the 25 yard line where our boys again got the ball but soon lost it, and after a few plays Armstrong circled the end for a touchdown, and goal was missed. Smethport again kicked to Eldred's 35 yard line, but after a series of fumbles the ball went to Eldred for the first down on their 25 yard line. The ball soon went to Eldred on downs and was exchanged several times. When time was called Smethport had the ball on Eldred's 20 yard line with a good chance of scoring had there been a few more minutes of play.

Smethport has good timber for a fast high school team and with a few changes and some hard practice will give a good account of themselves before the season ends.

Things Theatrical.

"At the Old Cross Roads," a beautiful Southern drama, was presented by Arthur C. Alston's capable company at the Lyceum last evening before a large and appreciative audience. Each part was taken by a first class artist and it is seldom a more evenly balanced company appears at the local play house. James Brophy, as "Doc Kerr" and Evelyn Selbie, as "Parepa," the two leading characters, ably handled the roles and their natural acting made them favorites with the audience. The only thing which marred the perfect production of this beautiful drama was the omission of the character of Madge Thornton, which, although not a strong character, left some rather unfinished situations.

"Down by the Sea" was the attraction at the Lyceum Tuesday evening and was witnessed by a good sized audience, the majority being fairly well satisfied. The characters of Blanche Preston, Harry Melford, Edith, the child, and Joel Haines were well acted considering the fact that the first two were new in their parts, but the balance of the company belong in the ten, twenty and thirty class. Chas. H. Sanders' specialties were pleasing.

Russians Fire on English Boats.

Last Friday night Russian naval vessels, known as the Baltic fleet, fired on a number of English fishing boats in the North Sea, about 200 miles off Spurn Head, doing a good deal of damage and killing and injuring several of the crews.

When the news reached Great Britain great indignation was felt and there was strong talk of a war between these two nations. Several of the British naval vessels were ordered to be in readiness for immediate action.

However, when communication was had with Russian authorities it was found that the commander of the Baltic fleet had mistaken the fishing vessels for Japanese torpedo boats and had fired on them for that reason. Russia has expressed its willingness to apologize and pay any reasonable indemnity so the danger of a war between these two nations is practically over, unless there should be trouble over the adjustment of the affair.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

An immense flock of pigeons estimated to be 12 miles long and 4 or 5 miles in width undertook to nest in Pike county Friday, April 14, 1876. The silly boys in that section attacked them with clubs and guns, until finally the entire flock arose and disappeared.

White.—Died, at her residence in Norwich township, April 12, 1876, Mrs. Adaline, wife of Clark White. Mrs. White suffered for weeks before her death, but we trust her sufferings are over. She leaves a husband and three children to mourn their loss. May God's blessing rest upon the afflicted family.

There will be an engine at the Centennial known as the "grass hopper," one of the early locomotives used on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to make short sharp curves. It was built in 1835 by Phineas Davis, a Pennsylvania mechanic. One of the old Portage Railroad engines and the "coffee pot" of the Cambria Iron Company will likely be exhibited. Comparisons of the progress in locomotives for the past forty years will show wonderful results.

Willie Specht, lately of A. B. Armstrong's drug store, is now engaged as a clerk in Hamlin & Townsend's store at Clermont. If "Bunter" and "Perry" can't manage the business satisfactorily to the proprietors, we don't know who can.

Mr. L. W. Mason, who, for the past two years has been engaged with Ambrose Close of this place in the hardware and tin business, left to-day, Thursday, April 27, 1876, Tioga, to go in the employ of D. A. Capher. By this change Elkland has lost an accomplished workman and a good citizen. The people of Tioga may congratulate themselves that such a change has taken place. The best wishes of Mr. Mason's many friends go with him.—Elkland Journal.

There are now said to be 60 producing wells in the Tuna Valley.—April, 1876.

We have been furnished by Gilbert Lyman, as a centennial relic, a copy of a newspaper published in this place during the thirties, by A. H. Cory, now living at Coryville. It is a quaint looking concern. We shall refer to it at greater length hereafter.

T. L. Chapin of Keating township shot a bald-headed eagle a few days since, or a bird that looked very much like one. Its body is dark brown and its head and neck white. It measured six feet from tip to tip. It was probably the old original American Eagle on its way to the Centennial, and by a strange and instructive coincidence was brought to the ground by the rifle of a stiff democrat.

Drowned.—On Friday, April 19, 1876, John McNally, at Goodyear's lower mill. While sorting logs he by some mishap fell into the pond, and before any help could reach him was drowned. The funeral services were held in the Catholic church, on Newell creek, on Sunday the 21st.—Port Allegany Items.

The Hamlin township schools commenced their summer terms on Monday, April 15, 1876. Miss Mary McKean is teaching in the Hafner district, and Miss Louisa Kinney in the White district.

Gen. T. L. Kane has only about $12,000 in taxes to pay on his unseated lands. What a luxury to be a landholder.

A Bradford correspondent gives the facts and figures:

The total production for the month of May, 1876, was 24,800 bbls. or an average daily production of 800 bbls.; as compared with 730 bbls. in April and 680 bbls. in March.

The stock on hand in tank, outside of pipe line storage is about 5,500 bbls. The present number of wells is between 60 and 70. The development of the region is extending south, two new wells being now in process nearly seven miles south of Bradford, besides the one in the same vicinity commenced by Mr. Fred. Prentice, the Vanderbilt of the region. The present prospect is that the field will in a short time be developed as far south as Kane.

The firm of Hamilton and Butterworth, publishers of the Potter Journal, has been dissolved by mutual agreement. Mr. Butterworth will continue the business. Mr. Hamilton goes to Cape May, N. J., to enter into business. —[1876.]

Miss Mary Wendel, daughter of Paul Wendel, of Norwich township, died at the residence of her father Monday, June 5, 1876, of consumption and pleuritis, with effusion of serum at the base of the brain.

Although Mary had been sick some time her death came suddenly and unexpected, with but a few days warning, and cast a gloom over a large circle of friends and acquaintances. She has lived for the past five years in the family of P. Ford, Esq., of this place, and being possessed of a lively, sunny disposition, a large heart and good character, found friends in all with whom she became acquainted. Six months ago she appeared the model of health and a perfect type of womanly beauty of form and figure. She was not yet 19 years of age when she died, and in her early and unlooked for summons we are forcibly reminded of the frailty of the tenure of life and earthly hopes.

The funeral services were held Wednesday under charge of Rev. Joel Clark of Emporium. The large attendance, from both Smethport and Norwich township, fully attested the high esteem in which the deceased was held by all who knew her.

Divorce and Remarriage.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention in Boston has reached a conclusion on the question of divorce and remarriage which will meet the sincere approval of those who, without prejudice or any particular solution of the difficult problem, are sincerely anxious that pure lives and happy marriages, shall be promoted, and that neither man nor woman shall be placed under the dire temptation which assails those to whom no door of escape opens from a marriage when the relation into which they have entered has ceased, through no fault of their own, to be what all marriages should be, a true union.

The present practice of this communion remains substantially unchanged under the new canon. The remarriage of the innocent party in a divorce for Scriptural causes is permitted. This remarriage is prohibited for a year, a wise and suitable restriction for which obvious reasons exist.

In addition—and this in practice will probably be found to be more important than the other action taken by the convention—the new canon recognizes both the duty and the necessity of excluding from the sacraments of the Church those who have sought liberty from the marriage vow and remarried for causes not recognized by the New Testament. Few in and about the churches seem to be aware of the fact that the real harm that is done to-day is not by the occasional marriage of a divorced person by a clergyman, but the constant, habitual and flagrant presence in the various churches of the Protesant faith of men and women divorced for trivial causes, remarried and yet admitted to the sacraments of the Church.—Philadelphia Press.

Death of Mrs. Shultz.

Mrs. Lavinia Wright Shultz died at the home of her brother, Mr. B. F. Wright, on Friday, Oct. 21st, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, from a complication of diseases, culminating in heart trouble. The funeral services were held in the parlors of the Wright House in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, the Rev. P. S. Calvin officiating. The scripture readings and the text were favorite passages of the departed sister who was an earnest and consistent member of the Baptist church.

"Lead Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me" were rendered by the choir and Dr. McCoy rendered a promise made to her by singing "Consider the Lilies"—an exquisite recitative.

The remains were laid to rest in Rose Hill cemetery. Mrs. Shultz was a native of Lima, N. Y., where she received her education in the seminary. She married James Shultz and spent the greater part of her life in Colorado and other western states. For the past eight years she has made her home with her brother and is well known here as an exceedingly generous and charitable woman.

She is survived by two brothers and their families, Mr. B. F. Wright and W. R. Wright of Renovo.

Sad Incident; Generous Sheriff.

Two items from the Kane Republican of Saturday and Monday are as follows:

Sheriff Mays came to town to-day with a writ of possession for the house occupied by Clarence Mahood. Upon going to the house to make service of the writ the sheriff was informed by Mrs. Mahood that her infant was so seriously ill that its life was despaired of, and while the mother was bending over the little one, even while talking with the sheriff the baby gasped and died. The sheriff, of course, departed without executing the writ.

That McKean county has a big hearted sheriff was amply demonstrated Saturday when the sheriff started out with a paper which he headed himself with a generous contribution, to raise the money necessary to satisfy the execution on the household effects of Clarence Mahood, whose infant child died while the sheriff was in the house. Mr. Mays was not long in raising the required amount, and he went home satisfied that he had done his duty.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 23, 1904:

Hayt & Coulu, Miss May Hartman, Fred Madigan, Miss L. G. Murray, Mrs. Hattie Norton, Miss Alice Olson 6, Mrs. R. G. Wilson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. O. GALLUP, Postmaster.

BOY HUNTER KILLS COMPANION

Ernest Clement Fatally Wounds Scott Willis Last Friday.

SHOT IN BACK, DIED INSTANTLY.

The Boy was Getting Ready to Shoot at Pheasant When The Gun Was Accidentally Discharged.

Scott Willis, aged about 35 years, is the first victim of a fatal hunting accident in this county this season. He met his death at about four o'clock last Friday afternoon while out hunting for partridges with two young boys in Eldred township.

On the day mentioned Willis, accompanied by Ernest Clement, aged about 13 years, and another young boy named Kolby, started hunting and, as the story was told us, they were going up an old road back of Ed. Palmiter's place on the Windfall road when a partridge was raised. Young Clement was 12 or 15 feet behind Willis and the boy attempted to get a shot. When the gun was drawn to a level with the unfortunate man it was discharged in some way, the whole charge taking effect in Willis' back, just below his right shoulder blade.

The unfortunate man sank to the ground and died where he fell in a very few minutes without regaining consciousness. Clement, when he realized what he had done, took off his shoes and ran a half mile to give the alarm to friends, passing houses on his way, such was his excitement. The other stayed with the dying man until assistance came.

The body was removed to the home of friends, where it was prepared for burial. Scott Willis has been a resident of that vicinity for several years, dividing his time between working at odd jobs and fishing and hunting. He had no relatives in this vicinity.

Mysterious Affair.

A dispatch from Coudersport dated Oct. 21, says: "Dyer, don't blame your daughter for being gone. She hasn't run away. We have kidnapped her. You had better take care of the rest or we will be after them. We leave this note to let you know she is gone.

(Signed) "D. B. P."

The above note, written in a scrawling hand on a leaf from a memorandum book, and pinned to the door of his home, is the only evidence that Eugene Dyer of Howard, has bearing on the disappearance of his pretty 20-year-old daughter Una. About 8 o'clock Tuesday night Miss Dyer went to a spring, near by, to get a bucket of water. When she failed to return within an hour, her father went in search of her. He found the overturned water pail near the spring and evidences of a severe struggle in the vicinity. On his return to the house the note was found. Dyer collected a posse of neighbors and they spent the entire night searching the mountains and country-side for the missing girl, but without avail. Dyer is a widower, and beside Una has two younger children. Una, who was much attached to her sisters, managed the household for her father, who has the management of the graveyard at Howard. According to Dyer, the girl, when she left the house, had on her ordinary clothing and wore neither hat nor jacket. In refutation of the theory that she had eloped, Mr. Dyer said the girl had no male friends. The evidences of struggle, too, indicate that she was kidnapped.

A path lies across the corner of the cemetery to a strip of woods, and it is believed that the girl was carried across this by some of the kidnappers, after one of them had sneaked to the door of the Dyer home and pinned the note thereon.

Bears Are Numerous.

A dispatch from Williamsport says: If black bears keep on increasing at the present rate in this section, Pennsylvania farmers in remote sections will have to give up raising pigs and apples. Wolves, even in the pioneer days never made such trouble for the settlers as these bears are making.

Last Monday evening, before 8 o'clock a full-grown bear came down off the mountains and stalked through the village of Farrandsville. He passed within fifty feet of the store of W. T. Young which was brilliantly lighted. Here he confronted Misses Young, Mable Smith and Annie Jobson, three young women who were on their way to the postoffice, and scared them almost out of their wits. Three shrieks of fright set poor bruin off flying, and before men or dogs could be got together he was a mile away. Two days later, not half a mile from Farrandsville, a smaller bear was seen in a cornfield.

The crew of the E. K. Kelly lumber camp on Hicks Run, have captured four black bears this fall and bear steak and pot pie are getting to be wearisome.

REPUBLICAN RALLY.

Monday Evening, Bradford Theatre, Colonel Dalzell and Colonel Flood Will Address the Meeting.

A grand Republican rally and mass meeting will be held in the Bradford Theatre on Monday evening, October 31. It will be the only mass meeting of the campaign in that city. Congressman John Dalzell of Allegheny county, and one of the most prominent of Pennsylvania representatives in the lower house, will be the principal speaker, and that wonderful orator, Colonel Ned Arden Flood, will also address the meeting. Both of these speakers are noted for their platform addresses, and both have been heard here in former campaigns with much interest.

Mr. Dalzell is not an orator in the same sense that Col. Flood is, but he is crammed full of facts and figures and has the rare faculty of setting forth these facts and figures in a very plain manner, easy of comprehension. Col. Flood has few peers as an orator, and whether political, patriotic or descriptive, the colonel has a marvelous command of the most polished English, and a dramatic style that holds his auditors spell bound.

Republicans from all over the county will be present at the meeting and a cordial invitation is extended to Democrats and all political parties to join with them and listen to Republican arguments set forth by men who know whereof they speak. And the ladies, too, are invited and will be made comfortable in the new theatre.

The B., B. & K. railroad will run an excursion train from Smethport and Kane. The train will leave Smethport at 6 p. m.; Kane 6:30 p. m.; Mt. Jewett 6:05 p. m. The fare for the round trip from Smethport and intermediate points will be 50 cents, from Kane 75 cents and from Mt. Jewett 50 cents.

Chairman George Paton of the Republican county committee, is in charge of the arrangements for the meeting.

A Protectionist Argument.

A "mechanic" writing from Reading to the Philadelphia Press a few days since, makes a strong argument in favor of protection, which the Republican national platform sustains and the Democratic national platform opposes. From his communication we copy the following paragraph:

"Under what Democratic administration did the American workman have his wages increased? The only increase allowed under a Democratic administration was allowed to the workmen working in Europe. Examine the Democratic drift. In it lie buried more than 30,000 industrial wrecks—wrecks that were compelled under a free trade law to enter the Cleveland channel of destruction. The only possible enterprise under a change would be the enterprise displayed by steamship companies in carrying millions to their former homes across the seas. Free trade, when it comes as free as Parker can make it, will cause the coal digger to drop his pick, the puddler his bar, the carpenter his plans, the molder his trowel, the glassblower his tube, the machinist his lathe, the painter his brush, the shoemaker his last, the tailor his goose, the barber his razor, the clerk his pen. Democracy is demanding that several millions of American business men shall compete with several millions of foreign business men for the American home market. Parker would create a service pension with a free trade revenue and connect two oceans with the assistance of a jackpot politician."

Let the Other Man Worry.

Representative Dresser of Bradford, Pa., is a large manufacturer of oil well supplies. Since he has been in politics he has allowed his son to manage some parts of his business. A week or two ago he went up home to look over the factory, and while he was in his office a man from one of the oil districts asked to see him.

"What is it, Jim?" Representative Dresser asked.

"Why, Mr. Dresser," the visitor replied, "I am in a heap of trouble. I owe $600 and it is keeping me up nights worrying how I can pay it. I haven't got the money."

"My dear Jim," Dresser replied, "I don't see why that should disturb you. Let the other fellow do the worrying. I have found that the best plan."

"Is that a good plan?"

"Best in the world. Whom do you owe the money to?"

"To your son."—Detroit Journal.

Display of Art Goods.

Miss Jennie M. Bassett of Kane will be in Smethport at the Wright House on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week with a line of fancy work and art goods. The line will consist of embroidery and lace work. All are invited to call and inspect this line.

The Very Swellest.

An all Enamel Heating Stove and Stove Board. Will positively not rust, tarnish, crack or change color, and will always retain its brilliant glow. Sold only by Holmes & Gilfillan.

Edison gold molded records are now only 35c each. Over 150 to select from at Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Veil Of Chance

By HOWARD FIELDING

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DR. FINDLAY WARREN is an eminent scientist whose pen is familiar with the stress of controversy. He has vanquished learned men in his time, and surely he must be held more than a match for such an ill taught person as "Honest Dan" Farley, the gambler.

They met on a railroad train. Dr. Warren was traveling from Buffalo to New York in company with his nephew, Harold Archer, a young man of large means and reckless disposition, with a genius for scraping acquaintance with impossible people, whom he was glad to introduce as his friends.

This peculiarity was known to Dr. Warren, and he feared it. Yet when Archer in a compartment of the smoking car introduced "Honest Dan" Farley the learned doctor was interested in spite of himself. Here was a genuine celebrity, a really eminent rascal.

"Above all other qualities," said Archer, "my uncle admires honesty."

"Moreover," added Dr. Warren politely, "this is the first time that I have had the opportunity of meeting an honest gambler."

"Now, I wonder just what you mean by an honest gambler?" said Farley.

"One who takes even chances with his opponent," replied the professor promptly.

"Honest Dan" slowly shook his head.

"There's no such thing as even chances," said he. "Chance is what you don't know. If you knew everything there wouldn't be any chance—for you. What you bet on in any game is that you know more than the other fellow. If it turns out that he knows more than you do you have no kick coming that I can see."

"In an honest game," retorted Warren, "neither party knows anything. Let me illustrate my meaning with a pack of cards."

"Certainly," said "Honest Dan," taking the professor's words literally. He drew a pack from his pocket and laid them face downward upon a small table that extended a little way from the wall between the two divans which furnished seating accommodation in the compartment. Then he spread out the cards with his hand and finally covered them with a newspaper.

"Now," said Farley, "I'll shut my eyes, and you reach under that paper and draw out a card. Look at it and put it into your pocket."

The professor took a brief time for consideration, and it seemed to him that nothing more fair could be imagined. He offered the cards well before he drew, and he concealed even the back of the one which he selected not only from Farley, but from all possible observation except his own, and, having put it into his vest pocket, he tightly buttoned his sack coat.

"Now," said "Honest Dan," still with closed eyes and his hands behind his

"TELL ME THE COLOR OF THAT CARD."

head, "tell me the color of that card and I'll tell you the suit. That's a perfectly even bet, isn't it?"

"It is," said the doctor, considerably excited.

"What's the color?" asked Farley.

"Black," answered the doctor.

Farley opened his eyes, and they were blank as an owl's in the daytime when he turned them upon Warren.

"Spade," said he slowly.

"You are right," responded Warren, with chagrin. "But we have proved nothing. How can this successful guess bear upon our argument?"

"Because I knew that it was a spade," said Farley, "and you didn't know that I knew it. That's what we were betting on. Now wait," he added, raising his hand. "Tell me whether the card is above or below a seven spot and I'll guess the denomination."

Warren was perplexed. He knew that the draw had been perfectly fair. It was impossible that Farley should know what the card was. He had made a clever guess, and now he was making a beautiful bluff.

"Hold on," Farley continued; "you needn't tell me anything. The card is a ten spot."

Harold Archer burst into uncontrollable laughter as his uncle drew forth the card and threw it upon the table.

Farley brushed the newspaper to the floor and turned all the cards face upward on the table. Dr. Warren beheld, to his unspeakable amazement, a pack composed entirely of ten spots of spades, fifty-two of them with the same backs.

"That's the way of chance, speaking philosophically," said "Honest Dan." "It looks mighty various while you're coming up to it, but there's really only one thing in the pack, the thing that's going to happen."

"You are a fatalist, I perceive," said the doctor. "All gamblers are, as I have been told."

"No, sir," responded "Honest Dan," with emphasis. "No gambler who has any sense is a fatalist. I've discussed that subject with college graduates and all sorts of people. The gambler believes that the pack is always fixed. Whether he fixes it himself, as I did in this case, or some other fellow puts it up or the thing is merely left to circumstances doesn't matter in the least. Every pack is always cold. The top card has to be the top card. It can't stand anywhere else. It doesn't have any choice. It's the player that has the choice. The trouble with your fatalist is that he doesn't know the difference between the pack and the player."

"I didn't have much choice with your pack," said Warren grimly.

"Didn't you?" retorted "Honest Dan" as he gathered the cards with a practiced hand and turned them face downward. "Draw another one."

"Thank you. I don't care to," said the doctor, with his hands in his pockets.

"That's all the choice anybody needs," responded Farley, sinking back comfortably into a corner of the divan. "You had it in the first place. The fatalist says you lacked freedom. I say you lacked wisdom. If it had been me," he added, carefully striking a match on the side of the box, "I'd have turned over a few of those cards right at the start, just to see what they looked like. You'll do it another time. Speaking philosophically again, this shows how a man grows; how he gets wiser and better."

Dr. Warren was not conscious of any betterment. He had a wild desire to swear, which proved that, upon the whole, he was growing worse.

"Honest Dan" bowed, with a wave of the hand.

"I think I'll have a bite of dinner," said he, rising. "Will you gentlemen join me?"

Archer promptly accepted the invitation, but Dr. Warren declined it and remained where he was, absorbed in bitter and resentful meditation. He was angry with Farley for his successful trickery and with himself much more for being so easily deceived. A vast intellectual gulf yawned between him and "Honest Dan," and from the high side of this abyss he looked down upon the gambler and despised him. Surely he should be Farley's superior at any game, honest or dishonest. The fact was demonstrable to him, and he yearned to prove it to Farley. In plain terms, he wanted to "get square."

While he was thus unpleasantly engaged two men entered the compartment. One of them was a heavy shouldered, dark visaged fellow dressed all in black. He sat down in a corner and seemed to sink into a doze almost immediately. The other man was tall, pale and careworn. His forehead was deeply wrinkled for one so young, and there were dark circles under his eyes. He took a seat opposite Dr. Warren and wrote a telegram, and the learned professor, who was in a sort of trance, read every word of it without the slightest intention of doing so. Doubly disgruntled, he sat biting an unlighted cigar until Farley and Archer returned. The other two men had left the compartment while the train stopped at Albany, but presently the fellow in black came back and resumed his interrupted nap.

"Mr. Farley," said the professor after a long silence, "if the destinies of inanimate things are fixed while the acts of men are undetermined it would seem to me that you ought to bet upon a man and not upon a card."

"I always do," responded Farley. "A card can't deal itself, and it's all in the deal. However, among gentlemen"—He paused, and the professor winced slightly. "What were you going to suggest?"

"Would it not be possible to eliminate the card altogether?" urged Warren. "For instance, suppose we make a bet upon the action of one of our fellow passengers, a stranger to us all—shall we not secure a perfectly fair appeal to chance?"

"We'd be more likely to secure a put up job, I should say," responded Farley. "However, as I remarked before, among gentlemen"—

"Take that man there," said Warren in a low tone as he pointed to the tall, pale stranger who was visible through the door of the compartment. "Will he go north, south, east or west when we reach New York? Where will he be half an hour after we arrive?"

"Honest Dan" rolled his cigar round and round between his lips, while he closed his left eye very tightly.

"I'd be inclined to come into that," said he at last.

The professor's palms were sweating profusely.

"Suppose," said he, "that we should choose the man outside. He is unknown to us all, I suppose."

"Bully!" cried Harold Archer. "I'll bet the limit. We can follow him in a cab. Say, this is out of sight."

"Where'll he be half an hour after we get in, eh?" said "Honest Dan." "All right. Let's call the ante $20."

The man in the black suit slowly opened his eyes and straightened his back.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if I'm not intruding"—

"Not in the least as far as I'm concerned," said "Honest Dan." "The more the merrier."

"It's all right," said Archer. "Make your play, uncle."

Dr. Warren appeared to consider. In reality the words of the message he had read were dancing through his brain:

John Lingard, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:

Tell brother I will come straight down there from the train. CLARENCE.

It would not do to name the hotel; that would disclose a too accurate information.

"Let us say Twenty-third street," said he, "the corner of Twenty-third street and Fifth avenue."

There spoke the inexpert and overimpatient bettor. "Honest Dan" Farley smiled.

"Well, Mr. Archer," said he, "what do you say?"

Archer drew his knees nearly up to his chin and pondered deeply.

"I name the Fifth Avenue hotel," said he, suddenly letting his knees fall and slapping one of them hard as it went down.

The professor stared at his nephew in amazement, and Farley laughed outright. Checking himself immediately, however, he turned to the man in black.

"After you," said that gentleman politely.

"It is immaterial," responded "Honest Dan." "I shall name the corner of Twen-

"I'M FAINT WITH HUNGER."

ty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, and you will take the corner of Twenty-second street."

"How do you know that?"

"Wait a bit. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," said the man in black with decision, "you are."

"Very good," continued Farley. "And now, as the bets are made, it can't do any harm to have a little talk and find out why we made them."

"I'll tell you why I made mine," said Archer, with a laugh. "It was a sure thing that my uncle knew where the man was going, but for obvious reasons he didn't care to be too specific. When he named the Twenty-third street corner I said to myself, 'What does that mean?' And I decided that it meant the Fifth Avenue hotel."

"That was the way I sized it up," said the gambler. "It's a certainty that you think the man is going there, and I've no doubt that he thinks so himself. But our friend here thinks differently. And I'll tell you why. It's because our friend is a detective who has a warrant for the gentleman upon whom we have wagered our money. He intends to arrest him and take him straight to headquarters. In half an hour they'll be south of Twenty-second street, and the bet would be won. So our friend was betting on a sure thing."

"No more than he was," cried the man in black, pointing to Warren.

"Honest Dan" pulled his mustache down upon one side and then upon the other, and, having thus adjusted his countenance in a manner satisfactory to himself, he said to the man in black:

"You've got a warrant for Forbes Holland, a gentleman sport who stabbed a friend of his at the Bennings race track on Sept. 8."

"I have," was the response.

"Well, well," said "Honest Dan." "As Dr. Warren knew where the man was going, and you, Mr. Archer, knew what your uncle knew, and Mr. Johnson, my friend in black, knew more than either of you, I'd like to know what show the poor but honest gambler had in this game?"

No one answered.

"I'll tell you my sight," said Farley. "I knew what you were up to, Johnson. I got the whole story out of the conductor, whom you took to take into your confidence because there might be a stop hot down on the schedule. And I knew one thing more. This man is not Forbes Holland."

Johnson sprang to his feet.

"Do you suppose I don't know every man of that kind in his country?" continued "Honest Dan." "Will you dare to make that arrest when I'm prepared to swear that, although this man answers Forbes Holland's description perfectly, he doesn't look any more like him than you do and not quite so much like him as Dr. Warren does?"

"Mr. Farley," said Johnson, "is this straight?"

"Well, you've heard of me," responded "Honest Dan."

Johnson spread his hands abroad.

"That settles it," said he and subsided into his corner.

"And now how does the bet stand?" continued Farley. "There'll be no arrest. This man, whoever he may be, is free to go where he likes. If he goes to the Fifth Avenue hotel he'll get there inside of half an hour, and Mr. Archer will win. But our friend is not a pack of cards; he can't be ace high or deuce low any time that he wants to be, and until it's all over, gentlemen, I haven't won."

"We haven't long to wait," said Archer. "We're across the Harlem river. By jingo, this has been a great game!"

The train rumbled through the tunnel and stopped at last in the station. [illegible] all the [illegible] in this [illegible] the man who was not Forbes Holland was met by a youth who greeted him with affection.

"How is my brother?" asked the traveler eagerly.

"Oh, he's ever so much better," cried the boy. "He's all right now, the doctor says."

The man put a hand suddenly to his eyes.

"I'm glad, glad!" he stammered and then, with a smile, "Since he's all right, I won't hurry. I'll step across to the Grand Union and have a morsel of dinner. I've been too anxious to eat since morning, and I'm faint with hunger."

"Forty-second street is a long way north of Twenty-fourth," said "Honest Dan" Farley. "Gentlemen, I stand to win."

Clear Description.

Detective—So you did not recognize your assailant, professor? You do not remember ever having seen him previously? Professor—No; but it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to find him. His resemblance to King Amenhotep III. of the eighteenth dynasty is startling—positively startling.

More Likely to Get It.

Nocash—Wonder where I can borrow some money?

Hardupp—What do you want it for?

"Oh, I've got a sure thing in the fifth race tomorrow."

"You don't want money; you want to borrow trouble."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

GORGEOUS MALE ATTIRE.

Laws Against Sartorial Excesses in the Seventeenth Century.

Considering the way women are maligned in these days for their foolishness for purple and fine linen, it is rather a shock to find that the sumptuary laws of the past were directed mainly against male excesses in the matter of raiment. There is, for instance, an ordinance issued by the lord mayor and common council of London in 1611 with regard to the dress of 'prentices, who were in many cases the sons of wealthy city merchants, gaining "freedom of the city" by apprenticeship. It was ordained in the proclamation, among much else, that they should wear "no hat lined, faced or tufted with velvet, silk or taffety, nor any slawn bands nor lace edged collars nor any pukadille or other support about the collars of their doublets nor breeches or doublets of any kind of silk nor gloves garnished with silver or gold lace, velvet or silk nor girdles or garters or shoe ties of silk or ribbon nor any rose or such like toyes at all upon the shoes or garters nor sleeves held out by a framework of wire nor silk stockings nor Spanish leather shoes, nor any shoes with high heels nor the hair done with any tufts or locks, but cut close in decent manner."

MINERAL WOOL.

A Valuable Product From What Was Once Regarded as Waste.

Mineral wool is a soft substance consisting of a mass of very fine mineral fibers, which interlace one another in every direction and thus form an endless number of minute air cells. It is made quite simply by directing a blast of steam against a stream of molten slag. Some of the best is made from blast furnace slag, an admirable illustration of the value of what was once regarded as a waste product.

The slag is melted in a large cupola and as it trickles out of the tap hole it meets a high pressure steam jet which blows it in fleecy clouds into the storage room provided for it. The heavier wool naturally settles down first, while the lighter portions are blown further along by the force of the steam, and so the material naturally sorts itself.

Mineral wool is the most [illegible] used as a sound deadener between the floors of buildings; it is [illegible] a nonconducting covering for cold storage chambers and for pipes. For this last purpose the wool that is made from sand-rock is best, for it [illegible] no sulphur, which, when moisture is present, is a corroding agent.

Booth's Relort.

In the days of [illegible] at the Winter garden in New York Edwin Booth received a letter from a young man saying that he wished to see Booth in his principal parts, and desired, if possible, to be admitted into the theater by a side door, as he did not care to run any risk of being seen by his parishioners entering [illegible] front. Edwin Booth made answer these words: "Sir, there is no door to my theater through which God cannot see."

DISEASED KIDNEYS MADE WELL AGAIN.

Nathaniel Tompkins, of Windham, N. Y., says: "I will tell you what has made me feel ten years younger. It was Oal-cura Solvent, Dr. Kennedy's new medicine. For years I was troubled with my kidneys, but I am all right now."

Dr. Kennedy regarded his new medicine as the culminating achievement of his life. It enriches the blood, aids digestion, regulates the bowels and sets the liver at work. It is mild, but thorough. Its effects are lasting. All druggists, $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00.

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[illegible]

SMETHPORT, PA.

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Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh

Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

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Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

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In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

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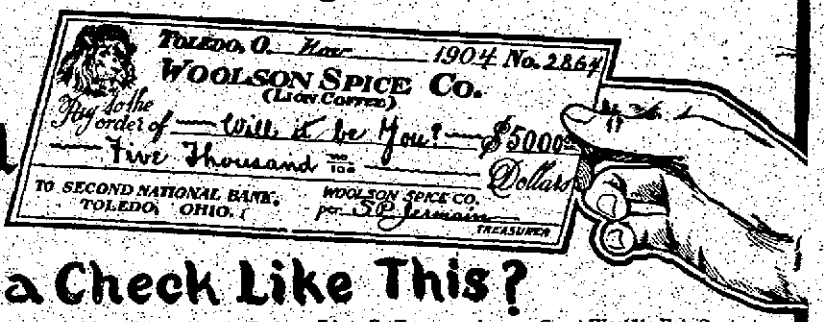

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to Lion Coffee users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., as follows:

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00

will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use LION COFFEE long enough to get acquainted with it you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your Lion Heads

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

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WOOLSON SPICE CO., (CONTEST DEP'T.) TOLEDO, OHIO.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

The burnished plumage of the peacock owes its brilliancy and splendor to a healthful condition. Let the bird be sickly, and the plumage droops and grows dull. There is no exception in nature to the rule that beauty depends on health.

Women who see their beauty waning rarely associate the external change with failure of the womanly health. They do not understand the close relation of the general physical health to the health of the delicate womanly organism, until after being cured of womanly diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they find the color returning to the cheek and the flesh to the body.

"Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Several years ago I was very poorly," writes Mrs. May Kelley, of Sylvia, Kans., "so weak I could hardly walk across the floor, and at times suffered severely. I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and got well and hardy—gained twelve pounds in two months and was the picture of health. Your medicines have cured me. Almost everybody I meet says, 'You look so much better than you have for several years; you look well now.'"

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a lady's laxative. Nothing equals them for gentleness and thoroughness.

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Has a new and up-to-date line of

GAS HEATERS

of all the leading makes and the prices are right, too.

Also a full line of General Hardware, Stoves and Ranges, Guns and Ammunition, Fruit Jars, Glasses, Butter Crocks, etc.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—St. Elizabeth's Aid will meet at Mrs. John Hanlon's on Thursday, Nov. 3rd, at 2:30 p. m.

—Marquis Alfred Dismet De Smours, an Italian nobleman, and Miss Edith Oliver, daughter of the Pittsburg millionaire, James B. Oliver, were quietly married last week.

—Saturday is the last day of The Lindholm Co.'s Fall Opening Sale. Hundreds of people are showing their appreciation of the splendid values offered by their attendance and large purchases.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's parish will give a series of chafing dish lunches at the parish house on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, Nov. 8, 9 and 10, from 3:30 to 5:30, admission 10 cents. This will be the week of the county teachers' institute.

—Stewart McDougall, an old and wealthy resident of Brooklyn, has come to the conclusion that cooked food is not good for the human family and for the past year has eaten all his victuals raw. He eats meat, fish and cereals, as well as vegetables, but all are in the raw state.

—One of the Hazelhurst glass factories formerly owned by the American Window Glass Co. has been purchased by the Healey Window Glass Company, composed of Bradford parties, and will be put in operation in a short time. This will be welcome news to Hazelhurst residents.

—The Potter Enterprise says that glassworkers started work at Port Allegany with a 42 per cent. reduction from last year. This is a mistake on the part of the Enterprise. The reduction will not average over 10 per cent. On small brackets the reduction is quite large but on the larger ones no reduction was made and on some the price was raised.

—Attorney Sheridan Gorton has been granted an original pension of $14 per month as guardian of Nancy L. Morrison, to date from July 7, 1890. She is a helpless child of the late Samuel D. Morrison and half sister of Willis and Wallace Peasley. She has been an inmate of the county home at Smethport for the past six years. She will receive back pension amounting to $2,400 and $14 per month as long as she lives. It was procured through the agency of E. R. Sherman.

She Willed It.

Once there was a young bride who believed in Will Power. "If I will a thing I know it will Come About," she used to say. This young woman loved her husband very much and was loath to have him out of her sight. One evening he had to Meet a Man downtown, and she was left Alone. While sitting in the parlor she began to wish that her husband would Come Back. Suddenly an idea Struck Her. "I know what I'll do," she said to herself. "I'll Will that he Come Home. That will bring him." So she did. The young bride Willed. After five minutes of Willing she Heard a Step on the Walk. Next she heard it on the Porch. "I knew it would Bring him," she said, and then she flew to the Door and Kissed the Approaching Man squarely in the Mouth. Imagine her chagrin, upon releasing him, to hear him say, "That's Very Nice, ma'am, but is Miss Bridget in?" She had kissed the Hired Girl's Fiance. Moral: The mind is Strong, but the eyesight is Frequently More Reliable.—Kansas City Times.

Indian Babies.

Indian mothers have a most effective preventive against crying of babies which, though it does not err on the side of gentleness, is efficacious. In infancy children are entirely under the control of their mothers or nurses, and therefore the Indian plan of stopping crying and preventing the formation of the habit is to cover the baby's mouth with the hand and at the same time to close its nostrils till it nearly suffocates. Then it is allowed to breathe freely again, but should it recover its breath only to indulge in another howl it will at once have to endure semisuffocation. This treatment is repeated till the child learns that "silence is golden" and ceases to use its vocal powers to the annoyance of its fond relatives.

Dry Cigars and Damp Ones.

"Some smokers prefer a cigar that is damp to one that is dry," says a cigar manufacturer, "and in showing this preference I think they make a mistake. A cigar that is too dry will, of course, cause a little annoyance from dust, but a cigar that is as damp as many smokers prefer it will not have as good an aroma as the other and will not burn so well. A medium cigar, in respect to these conditions, is best, but between a damp and a dry cigar I would always take the dry one and thus secure the better smoke."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Saved.

First Citizen—If you were by yourself I'd hit you. Second Citizen—Well, ain't I by myself? First Citizen—Ain't I with you?—Glasgow Evening Times.

The Imp Hoax.

This brazen imposture on the credulity of the English public was the result of a wager between the Duke of Montague and another nobleman in 1749. In discussing the amazing gullibility of the English people the former declared that if one were to advertise it well that he would jump into a quart bottle all London would go to see him do it. The wager being made, an advertisement was inserted in all of the leading papers promising that the feat would be performed on a certain date at the Haymarket theater. On the appointed day the theater was packed from pit to dome, and many hundreds were turned from the doors. The supposed magician appeared on the stage and had the temerity to state that if the audience would pay double the price he would enter a pint bottle, shown on the stage table, instead of the quart flask, as furnished. He then hurriedly escaped by the stage door. A riot resulted, in which the theater was badly wrecked, and the duke and his companion had to leave town until the excitement was well over.

The Original Cradle.

There is, if one comes to think of it, says the London Queen, more connection than is at first apparent between the "tree top" and the cradle of the old refrain, with which generation after generation of babies has been crooned to sleep. The cradles of the ninth and tenth centuries were formed of a section of the trunk of a tree, scooped out, with small holes bored at the sides through which to pass the cords back and forth to prevent the child from falling out. The natural convexity of the wood on the outside enabled the nurse to rock the infant.

The enormous antiquity of the now obsolete cradle is startling when one remembers the wicker cradle or basket of the time of Moses, and later it is known on excellent authority that the Roman babies slept in cradles. These were the predecessors of the elaborately carved cradles which formed so important a part of the bedroom furniture until within the last fifty years.

The Strength of Jefferson.

Jefferson was that one nearest to genius who has lived in the White House. He was a philosopher, a statesman, a scholar, a linguist, an artist and a scientist. He drew plans as an architect, invented the first furrow turning plow, and last, though not least, played on the fiddle. He sent rice from Italy, sneaking it out of Milan in his coat pockets, contra formam statuti, and made the savannas of Carolina and Georgia a source of food supply. He did many notable things. Among others, he lifted 1,000 pounds with his bare hands and gained the title of "the strong man of Albemarle" in a region where men were strong.—A. H. Lewis in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Child That Wasn't Very Pretty.

Two Germantown women were recently calling on a new neighbor, and while awaiting her appearance a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a low voiced comment:

"Not very p-r-e-t-t-y."

To her horror, the small maiden paused on the threshold and, fixing a contemptuous eye upon the culprit, remarked, with lofty composure:

"No, not very p-r-e-t-t-y, but rather s-m-a-r-t!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Marks on Book Pages.

If you look at any novel or other book you will see at the foot of some of the right hand pages either letters of the alphabet or numerals. These numbers or initials are for the benefit of the persons who fold the sheets into the required size. Sheets vary in size and are sometimes folded four and sometimes eight times. Each sheet is a section of the book, and the folder takes section A B C and so on till the correct number of sheets is taken. The numbers and letters will be found on every fourth, eighth or sixteenth page of books, the numbers on the pages varying with the size of the book.

A Town of Violin Makers.

The only place in the world where violin making may be said to constitute the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, with its numerous surrounding villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins. The inhabitants, from the small boy and girl to the wrinkled, gray headed veteran and the aged grandmother, are employed throughout the year in making some part or other of this instrument.

The Plodder.

Just before his death William Cary, the great shoemaker, missionary and noted linguist, said about his biographer: "If he gives me credit for being a plodder, he will do me justice. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod. To this I owe everything."—Success.

Circus and Church Seats.

If people had to sit on as uncomfortable seats at a church as at the circus, how they would roar! This is one of the things that prove the influence of mind over matter.—Atchison Globe.

Afflicted Alike.

The Modiste—Madam, it is impossible to get any money out of your husband. The Customer—Well, don't I have the same trouble?

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.—Sterne.

Duff's College

gives a Broad Practical Education—Shorthand, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Correspondence, etc. Send for Catalogue and Circulars. P. DUFF & SON, 9th St. & Liberty, Pittsburg, Pa.

No Place For the Cow.

A young woman of great, perhaps too great, sensibility begged to be excused from visiting an aunt who lived in an old fashioned house where pictures of a certain period were in evidence. "There is an engraving of a blacksmith's shop in the dining room!" said she hysterically. "You can't expect me to eat my dinner there. I smell the hoofs."

A similar criticism came from one who suffered not from overrefinement, but from something quite different. She was a woman of recently acquired wealth who, says the New York Tribune, went into an art gallery and asked for a painting of a certain size.

"I have just what you want," said the dealer.

He showed her a beautiful animal painting, but she looked at it for a few minutes and then shook her head.

"It won't do," she said. "I want this picture for my drawing room."

"But it's a beautiful thing," ventured the dealer.

"Not for a drawing room," announced the woman conclusively. "You couldn't have a cow in a drawing room!"

Easy Tests For Diamonds.

There are various effective methods of testing the genuineness of diamonds. Cover the stone with a little borax paste, holding it in the flame of a lamp burning spirits of wine and then throw it in a glass of cold water. If the stone is an imitation it will break into a thousand pieces, while the true diamond will remain intact.

Rub a diamond which has been well cleaned and carefully dried let fall one drop of water. Touch this drop of water with the point of a needle. If the stone is false the water will spread or disperse, while with the real stone the drop of water will retain its spherical form.

Throw the stone you wish to "detect" into a glass of water. A diamond is perfectly distinct, whereas the imitation mingles with the hue of the water in such a way as to be almost invisible. Fluorhydric acid has no action on a real diamond, but dissolves imitations.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

A Forest Storehouse.

John Muir, the naturalist, while in a forest of huge redwoods in California, came across a man who was herding a band of horses. When Mr. Muir asked if he might have some flour the man said: "Yes, of course; you may have anything I've got. Just take my track, and it will lead you to my camp in a big hollow log on the side of a meadow two or three miles from here. I'll be back before night. In the meantime make yourself at home." By the middle of the afternoon Mr. Muir had discovered this noble den in a fallen sequoia hollowed by fire, a spacious log house of one log, carbon lined, centuries old, yet sweet and fresh, weather proof, earthquake proof, likely to outlast the most durable stone castle."

Naming a Town.

Shortly after it was decided that a postoffice was needed at the settlement now known as Broken Bow the child of one of the settlers brought in from his playground the shoulder blade of a buffalo which contained imbedded in it an Indian arrowhead.

The father of the boy went from curiosity to examine the ground where the bone was found, and near the spot he found an Indian bow, such as they used in hunting buffalo, with one end broken off so as to render it useless. This incident suggested the name of Broken Bow for the postoffice, and the department accepted the name with compliments.—Nebraska State Journal.

An Earlier Generation.

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned, "What is your name?"

"Kathika," replied the child.

"And your father's name?"

"I never hat one," came the quick response.

"Then tell me your mother's name," again said the teacher kindly.

"I never hat no mudder neither," answered the little child seriously. "I was born off my gran'mudder."—Lippincott's.

Grasping the Situation.

"I want to see the man of the house," said the fakir to the red haired lady who opened the door.

"Do you want to see the man of the house or the boss of the house?" inquired the latter, with energy.

"I guess it's you I want to see, leddy," responded the fakir, with quick apprehension.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dramatic.

A man applied for an engagement at a theater.

"I inclose you a newspaper cutting," he wrote, "to show you that I have aptitude for the stage." The cutting was as follows: "The prisoner, who denied the assault, conducted his own case and defended himself in a manner somewhat dramatic."

And It's Easier.

"I understand that there is a method by which any short person may become tall."

"May be so. There are certainly methods by which tall persons may become short."—New York Press.

All Engaged Otherwise.

Greene—The immortal bard says, "All the world's a stage." Brown—Nevertheless I haven't been able yet to find a stage for any one of the ten or a dozen plays I have written.—Boston Transcript.

The Drawback.

The Elder Matron—You shouldn't mind the baby crying a little. It strengthens his lungs. The Younger Matron—Oh, no doubt, but it weakens his father's religion so.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

Putting Him to the Test.

A stockbroker was telling the other day how a girl, recently married to a colleague of his on the Stock Exchange, suspected that her husband had been indulging a little too freely in the cup that cheers. She determined to find out beyond doubt whether her suspicions were well founded.

To a friend she confided the source of her trouble, and from this friend she learned that it had always been said that a man even slightly intoxicated cannot pronounce words of any length, whereupon the young wife decided that that would be a good plan to try.

When next the friend met the young wife she was in a state of great agitation. Asked if the suspicions had been verified, the girl burst into tears and said that they had.

"I handed him this list," she said between sobs, fishing from her pocket a paper which she gave to her friend and which contained the following words:

"Phthisis, photochromy, gnomiometrical, hypochondriasis, parachronism, phlegmasia dolens, syncategorematic, antinomianism, pseudesthesia."

"And," she continued, while her friend read the list, "he missed nearly half of them!"—London Tit-Bits.

Why Snow Falls In Flakes.

Snow falls to the earth in flakes because it is water solidified in starlike crystals, each snowflake being usually made up of several crystals, which are excessively light on account of the large quantity of air among the frozen particles. The snow crystals arise from the slow passage of the water vapor of clouds, when the temperature falls below freezing point, into the solid condition, the fairylike transformation taking place by the tiny independent particles of water grouping themselves with the utmost mathematical regularity around different centers.

Each crystal of snow, as of anything else, is therefore a more or less perfect geometrical solid. The most complete snow crystals are formed in a clear atmosphere, where there is nothing to retard the gradual process of crystallization or molecule construction. Rain, on the other hand, being a liquid, falls in drops.

Courting.

He—He that courts and runs away will live to court another day. She—But he that courts and does not wed may find himself in court instead.

Temper is so good a thing that we should never lose it.—Atchison Globe.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce. We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS—

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPROUT & BASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1904.

Republican Ticket.

For President,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
of New York.

For Vice President,
CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS,
of Indiana.

For Supreme Court Judge,
JOHN P. ELKIN.

For Representative in Congress,
S. P. DRESSER.

For State Senator,
MYRON MATSON.

For Assemblymen,
J. M. M'ELROY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL.

For County Treasurer,
S. D. WEAVER.

For Coroner,
DR. B. H. HALL.

WHEN in doubt vote the Republican ticket.

DO not forget to vote for Dr. Bret Hall for coroner. He is a good man and a faithful Republican.

THE political situation in New York State has changed considerably in the past two weeks and the chances for the election of F. W. Higgins for governor are now more than even. Democrats now concede New York to the Republicans on the national ticket.

MYRON MATSON, the Republican candidate for State Senator, is a man who can safely be relied upon to do his duty in the upper house of the state legislature. He is a man of force and energy and whenever his friends need his assistance he is always ready and willing to help them. Senator Matson will be returned to the state senate by an increased plurality.

OF course there is no danger of Pennsylvania going Democratic this fall, but you can show your good judgment as well as your appreciation of good governments and our general prosperity by voting the Republican ticket. A vote for the Republican national ticket is a vote for the continuation of prosperity but a vote for the Democratic national ticket is making a bid for free soup houses and national poverty.

IT is just as important that we have a good working majority in the halls of congress as that we have a Republican President and therefore it is the duty of every Republican and every Democrat who prefers prosperity to free soup, to vote for Solomon R. Dresser for member of congress from the 21st district. Mr. Dresser has served his party and the people well one term and he should and will be returned to congress by a greatly increased majority.

J. M. MCELROY, the popular Republican candidate for representative in the general assembly, has every reason to believe that he will be re-elected by an unusually large majority. He is well known personally to nearly every voter in the county and there are very few men in this section of the state who have more personal friends than Joe McElroy. He is a man who has always been true to his friends and it is no more than natural that his friends will always be true to him.

S. D. WEAVER, the popular Republican candidate for county treasurer, is the man who has been marked by the Democratic ring for defeat and their slogan has been anything to defeat Weaver. This action, however, has only served to arouse the fighting blood in the veins of this popular young man and his many friends throughout the county, and when the votes are counted on the night of November 8th we would not be surprised to find that he had run ahead of every other man on the ticket. It is the duty of every Republican to cast a vote for Del Weaver.

IN the Republican candidate for judge of the Supreme Court the people of Pennsylvania have a man of whom they can well feel proud and a man who honestly merits one of the largest votes ever given a candidate in the Keystone State. John P. Elkin is a man who, by his own ability and ceaseless perseverance, has worked himself up from a poor boy to one of the brightest and ablest lawyers in the state. His honesty and integrity have never been questioned and when you go to the polls and vote for John P. Elkin for Judge of the Supreme Court you can feel that you have done your duty as a citizen and paid a tribute to true merit.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 23, 1904.

A new turn has been given to the Democratic campaign by Senator Culberson's sensational attempt to revive the Panama issue. Mr. Culberson, in a speech made recently, denounced the action of the President in recognizing the Republic of Panama and negotiating a treaty with the new Republic, and charged that the President fomented and connived at the revolution. To support these charges Mr. Culberson exhibited a letter written by the President to Dr. Albert Shaw, in which President Roosevelt said, "Privately, I freely say to you that I should be delighted if Panama were an independent State, or if it made itself so this moment, but for me to say so publicly would amount to an instigation of a revolt, and therefore I cannot say it." Building on this letter Culberson sought to deceive his audience into believing that the President had aided and abetted the Panama revolution, a totally unwarranted deduction from a private letter which merely showed that the sympathy of the President was with Panama rather than with Colombia.

All the circumstances connected with Colombia's treatment of the Hay-Herran treatment had been such as to deprive her of any sympathy. President Marroquin had urged the Congress to ratify the treaty, but a powerful lobby had nullified his efforts. This lobby pointed out that that Panama Canal Company's franchise would expire in the fall of 1904 and urged that, if Colombia should defer a definite agreement with the United States until that time, she should declare the French company's title forfeited and then demand the $40,000,000 the United States proposed to pay to the Company for the franchise, title, etc. The Congress listened to the alluring persuasion of the lobby and lost all in grasping for more.

There is another feature in the history of Panama, however, which has not received sufficient consideration. When, in 1808, Panama entered the federation of New Grenada, afterwards the United States of Colombia, it was as a sovereign State. She had her own legislature, enacted her own laws for domestic administration. She was a sovereign member of a confederacy of States, not a Union. She with her sister States, had delegated certain powers to the Central government, but a two-thirds vote of the States had the power to overrule any action of the Congress. She chose her own governor and other officials. She enjoyed home rule. With 1885 came a complete change in her fortunes. The President, Dr. Nunez, set aside the constitution, made and put in force a new one, in the making of which Panama had no part or voice, and under which Panama had no part or voice, and under which Nunez became a practical dictator. Through no fault of her own, with no pretense of right and by sheer force of might, Panama lost the home rule she had so long enjoyed and became a province, under the absolute command and despotism of a Government 800 miles away. From that day until the day of her last revolution she suffered every inconvenience that could be perpetrated upon an outraged State by a tyrannical government. Of the $15,000,000 paid to the Bogota government for the canal franchise, Panama received no penny. Over $3,000,000 loaned by Panama to the Bogota government was retained and the debt repudiated. She has been in an almost constant state of ineffective revolt for 18 years. These facts readily account for the satisfaction of the American people when they learned that the Panama revolution was an accomplished fact. Perhaps, too, they largely account for the fact that when the Panama treaty came up for ratification sixteen Democratic Senators declared themselves in favor of ratification, as against 17 that opposed it. It is not feared that Mr. Culberson will make many votes out of the Panama issue.

Despite the sneers of the partisan press that President Roosevelt was "playing politics" when, on September 23, he promised the members of the Interparliamentary Union that he would soon call another peace conference at the Hague, he has performed his promise and even now the invitations are going abroad to American Ambassadors and Ministers to be delivered to the rulers who, by their representatives, participated in the last Hague convention. It has been argued that it would be necessary to await the establishment of peace between Japan and Russia before such a move could be made. This view is not entertained by President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay. The invitations have gone forth with reasonable assurance that they will be favorably received. The moral influence of a convention of most of the great nations of the earth assembled to promote universal peace will, it is hoped, have its influence on the Asiatic belligerents, if they do not sooner cease their conflict, and that influence cannot be had. The call for the conference may even afford them a graceful way of putting an end to hostilities. Once more the President has demonstrated that he is "a man who does things."

The misunderstandings growing out of the assumption of sovereignty by this country over the Panama canal strip have afforded the President an opportunity to give the most reassuring promises to Panama of the good intent of the United States. He has assured Panama, by means of a letter to the Secretary of War, that this country does not intend, even within the rights granted her by the Panama treaty, to impose on Panama or to do anything which may prove detrimental to the prosperity of the new Republic. Secretary Taft has been directed to proceed to the Isthmus, there to ascertain the facts and all their bearings and to confer with the officials of Panama regarding the methods whereby the interests of both nations may best be served.

Evidences of Republican chances of success at the polls are not wanting. Everything points to the election of Roosevelt and Fairbanks by an almost unprecedented electoral vote. This is getting to be an old story now, but none the less a true one. Even the Democrats themselves seem to have given up hope and the Whilom Democratic press is deserting the party like rats deserting a sinking ship.

OLEAN'S BIG DEP'T. STORE

BELL BROS.

FURNITURE

Our way of doing the furniture business, is as different from the ways as our furniture is different from OTHER FURNITURE. The customers satisfaction is our first consideration. It is to your advantage to buy strong well made furniture of perfect finish. It is something you do not buy every day, but you use it constantly. It is true we keep the finest furniture in Southwestern New York, but our superior quality costs no more than ordinary Furniture does elsewhere. In fact we will save you a good clean profit of 10 per cent on every piece you buy.

The little expense connected with this department enables us to do it.

Two immense floors are now well filled with our new fall and holiday stock. May we have the pleasure of showing you through when in town, even though you do not wish to buy.

CARPETS

New stocks, new patterns, beautiful colorings, a pleasure to show them, a satisfaction in buying them.

Ingrains from 25c to 75c for the finest all wool, extra super.

Tapestry Brussels 50c to 85c for the very best quality velvets, 75c to $1.25 per yard.

Axminister $1.00 to $1.50 per yard.

Royal Wilton $1.50 per yard.

Very large stock of Rugs in all sizes from the smallest matt to the large room size.

Special inducements to out of town buyers.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House of S. W. N. Y.

PICKERING'S 18 FLOORS of FURNITURE

Eighteen floors and two basement floors, making in all twenty floors of

HOUSEHOLD GOODS, FURNITURE, CARPETS,

QUEENSWARE, RUGS, CURTAINS, BEDDING, LAMPS, STOVES, KITCHEN UTENSILS, ETC.

In fact we can furnish your house from Basement to Attic, and you don't have to bother about the money.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD. 10TH AND PENN PITTSBURG We Trust People Out of Town.

If you pay cash we allow 10 per cent.

When you visit the City call and take a look through our store, the largest in the State, or write for Catalog. We pay the Freight.

Please Mention this Paper.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

OCTOBER

is pretty well advanced. Our crop of FALL SUITS is the finest in our history. The richest plums drop first.

Get the New Fall Suit Now

There is a dash and style about our garments that appeals to every man who enjoys the appearance of success. And the appearance of success often leads it.

We believe we have the best $10 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $12 SUIT in town.

We believe we have the best $15 SUIT in town.

Come and see if you don't believe as we do.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

.....WE STILL GIVE PURPLE STAMPS.....

I have just received for your inspection my new line of

FALL DRESS GOODS

in the latest weaves and quality, prices to suit all. Call and look them over,

Plaids for children's school dresses at 15c the yard, good values.

I wish to call your attention to my new stock of

WALKING SKIRTS

made up of the latest cloths.

Many other new fall goods too numerous to mention are on my counters and shelves.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

October 4, 1904.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Have you used PALMER'S PERFUMES

If not do so. We carry a fine stock of these goods and feel sure they will please you. Also a full line of

Drugs, Medicines and Toilet Articles

In fact everything to make up a first class drug store.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

reet, BRADFORD, PA.

FALL OPENING SALE

One Week Only, OCT. 22d to 29th, inclusive.

MONEY SAVED IF YOU DO YOUR SHOPPING HERE.

Below we quote a few of the values we are offering during this sale. Watch for large bills.

39c pair A Batiste Lined Satin Girdle. White only. All sizes. Special for this sale..... **39c pr**

49c yd. yard wide Black Taffeta Silk. Sale price..... **49c yd**

250 yards Bleached Union Crash, 16 in. wide. Good 6c value. Sale price..... **3 1-2c yd**

600 yards good Outing Flannels, light and dark colors. Special for this sale..... **4 1-2c yd**

50 Smyrna Rugs, 31 by 62 inches. Secured especially for this sale. One to a customer..... **98c**

Watch for Large Bills.

The Lindholm Company

The Hunting Season is On.

Let Redfield Supply Your Wants This Fall.

We have a very complete line of Single and Double Barrel Shot Guns, Winchester 10, 12 and 16 gauge shells (loaded with Black or Smokeless Powder), Leggins, Belts, Vests, Coats, etc.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The snappers are still on strike.

—Election one week from Tuesday.

—The first snow of the season fell Sunday.

—B. C. Ryan, who has been laid up with an injured shoulder, is improving.

—Bell Bros. of Olean, N. Y., are advertising carpets and furniture this week.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold its annual Christmas market Tuesday, December 13.

—M. J. Scudder of Jamestown has purchased the C. C. Coates' jewelry store on Main street.—Bradford Era.

—The annex to the Odd Fellows' home in Meadville was dedicated Tuesday afternoon and evening.

—Dr. Robert Hamilton, who has been confined to the house for some time past, is sufficiently improved to be out again.

—Pittsburg and DuBois capitalists are going to erect a big brewery at Coudersdersport at a cost of $200,000. It will employ thirty men.

—Neil Robarts of Eldred was held up and robbed of $30 near Larabee one day last week. The robbers, two in number, made their escape.

—The social half hour after the evening service last Sunday at the Methodist church was appreciated by the people of the church as well as by visitors.

—"The Greatest Man in Smethport" is the subject for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. "The New Acts of the Apostles" is the morning topic.

—At a tea given by Mrs. Guy H. McCoy last Saturday evening the engagement of Miss Harriet Ryan of Kane to Ralph C. Gleason of this place was announced.

—The basement of Fry & Comes' store is now being finished off for a part of this big store and when completed will be used as the carpet, curtain and drapery department.

—Last Saturday evening a union snapper called a non-union snapper a "scab" and shortly the union snapper had his left eye closed. These do be strenuous times among the snappers.

—A large party of Smethport people will go to Bradford tonight to see "The Wizard of Oz." A special train over the Kushequa Route will bring the party home at midnight. A rate of 75c for round trip has been made.

—Frank A. Jewell and Miss Jennie French, both of New York State, were united in marriage by Justice B. L. Knapp at his office last Saturday.

—The union snappers of this place fitted up a boarding house in the basement of the Central block and are preparing for the siege of strike. It is said they are very comfortably located.

—Miss Alice Beckwith of Kane and H. C. Valentine of Olean, N. Y., were married at the Mountain opera house at Mt. Jewett on Saturday evening in the presence of a large number of spectators.

—The new store of H. W. Rubin has been opened and presents a very neat appearance. He has a large and varied stock of shoes and rubbers, everything being in keeping with a modern shoe store.

—At Centreville, Crawford county, with the parents' permission, a 17-year-old lad and a 14-year old girl were united in marriage a few days ago. That sort of precocity is bound to make trouble for itself.

—LaMont, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ward Means of Green street, is ill with diphtheria. The house has been placed under strict quarantine and everything possible is being done to prevent the spread of the disease.

—At St. Luke's church on Friday, the 28th (S. S. Session and Jude) there will be services at 8 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Services on Sunday at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Services on Tuesday, Nov. 1st (All Saints' Day), at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p. m.

—A fatal shooting accident occurred at Galeton on Monday of last week. George Spoor, a young boy, was shot and instantly killed by Carl Carlson, a 15-year-old playmate. The boys were playing some wild west game and it was another case of "didn't know it was loaded."

—While hunting last Friday Dr. E. S. McIlvane reports that he came in close proximity with a large black bear near the old Fannin camp, about four miles west of town. He gave his bearship two charges of bird shot, but according to "Bill" Walsh this only tickled bruin and he pranced merrily away.

—Frederick R. Freeman, a traveling salesman, died at his home, 108 Winslow avenue, yesterday morning after an illness of some months of Bright's disease. Mr. Freeman was born in Smethport, Pa., in 1854, and came to Buffalo in the employ of the Buffalo Forge Company in 1884. Later he was connected with the Garden City Fan Company of Chicago. Mr. Freeman is survived by his wife, Pauline, and one daughter, Bessie Freeman. — Tuesday's Buffalo News.

—Owing to a breakdown after we had gone to press with the first side of the MINER this week we are compelled to give a few of our readers half sheets, but as most of the home news is embodied in this part of the paper we trust in the indulgence of our readers.

—St. Luke's Sunday school is passing through examinations preparatory to entering up on a graded system on Advent Sunday, Nov. 27, at which time the help of additional teachers will be greatly needed. It is to be hoped our parishioners will not allow the gratuitous work to suffer for the want of cheerful, glad helpers.

—While work at the window factory has been somewhat delayed during the past few days by a delayed shipment of brick, and another of lime, yet it seems probable that the fire will be lighted in the new tank the last of the week. If so it will mean a resumption of the making of glass about the middle of November.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Yesterday morning A. W. Leonardson of The Benstrom Store was taken very sick and upon examination found to be suffering from appendicitis. He was removed to the Kane Summit Hospital, where an operation was performed last evening. He stood the operation very well and is improving satisfactorily.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—Fred Manning, a snapper, was shot in the neck last Wednesday evening at Ceres. Manning and three other non-union snappers from Shingle House became involved in a fight with a number of union snappers and in the mixup he received the wound, which is not serious. The next day he and another man were arrested but Manning was the only one held on the charge and he is now under $200 bail.

—Mike Lesnock, who shot Mike Rich near Mt. Alton last week was arrested and in default of $1000 bail was brought here and lodged in jail last Friday. This no doubt will result in considerable hardship to his family, comprising seven children, the oldest of whom is aged 14 years. Lesnock appears to be a responsible man, and is receiving much sympathy from friends. Rich, the wounded man, is reported to be on the road to recovery.

McKean County Teachers Institute.

Thirty-eighth annual session at court house, Smethport, Pa., Nov. 7 to 11, 1904. Institute will convene Monday, Nov. 7th, at 2 p. m.

Instructors—Hon. Henry Houck, deputy state supt., Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Miss Lucile Hinman, Dr. F. D. Churchill, Dr. W. N. Ferris, Prof. J. G. Becht.

Evening entertainments will begin promptly at 8 o'clock. Monday—Song, Miss Ruth Voorhees. Lecture, "Stories of Abraham Lincoln," Dr. F. D. Churchill. Tuesday, A Pictorial Story of Hiawatha, Mrs. Katharine Ertz-Howden, assisted by Mr. Bowden. Wednesday—Pantomime, Miss Lucile Hinman. Lecture "Making the World Better," Dr. W. N. Ferris. Thursday—Concert, Manhattan Ladies' Quartette and Malcom Shackleford, humorist and banjoist.

On Thursday afternoon special addresses will be made to teachers and school directors.

The law requires the closing of all schools in the county during institute week. No progressive, wide-awake teacher will miss this annual meeting. The best talent available has been secured. Let every one come to work and learn.

Arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern, Buffalo, Bradford & Kane, Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg and Kushequa railroads for special excursion rates to teachers. Card orders will be forwarded to any desiring them on receipt of a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

J. E. MYERS,
County Superintendent of Schools.

A Remarkable Baby.

Marie Isabel Lapont is the tiniest two-months-old baby in this part of the state. She was born in Williamsport on August 9th, says an exchange. Four days after her birth she weighed 1½ pounds. When born the child's hands were about the size of the nails on the thumbs of the mother's hands, and now they measure but one inch across the knuckles. The arms are as long as the mother's middle finger, and the legs are about the same length. The feet each measured 1½ inches. Shortly after the child was born the nurse wanted to see if her ring would pass over the child's hand, and when she attempted the feat, the ring slipped up to the little one's shoulder. The baby at full length measures one foot, and her long dress is two feet long.

Wanted

Men and women in this county and adjoining territories to represent and advertise an old established house of solid financial standing. Salary to men $21 weekly, to women $12 to $18 weekly with expenses advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Horse and buggy furnished when necessary; position permanent. Address Blew Bros. & Co., Dept. A, Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 39-45-6t

Graphophones and records for sale. New selected stock direct from factory of Columbia disc and X P cylinder records at right prices. Call if you can conveniently and make your selection. Send your address for the list of latest records out.

C. M. BENSON, Colegrove, Pa.

An Edison Phonograph is the ideal musical device for home amusement. It provides music for those lacking other means of producing it. Phonographs and records can be bought at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

Personal Mention.

Miss Ruby Learn of Eldred visited in town yesterday.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove had business in town Tuesday.

John Connolly attended the snapper's meeting at Kane Tuesday.

Mrs. W. V. Provin and son, Will, of Bolivar spent Sunday in town.

Col. and Mrs. Mellville M. Gillette are visiting in Buffalo this week.

P. E. Abbey and daughter, Hazel, were Bradford visitors last week.

Mrs. M. M. O'Brien of Pittsburg is visiting her sister, Mrs. Allen Park.

Col. M. M. Gillette of Newark, Ohio, arrived here Saturday evening for a short visit.

Misses Frances McClure, Pearl Mays and Sarah Greer visited Eldred friends on Saturday.

Miss Maude Shoemaker of Albany, N. Y., was the guest of friends in town the latter part of last week.

Mrs. John E. Hugg left today for Pittsburg, where she will visit relatives before going to Lancaster, Ohio, her future home.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sparks and daughter, Dorothy, of Hazelhurst, were guests at the home of P. E. Abbey on Sunday last.

Mr. J. C. Backus of Smethport representing the Backus Automatic Pin Setting Co., is in town, placing the machines in the alleys of the Mountain bowling parlors.—Kane Republican.

W. H. Ross, "big ring blower" of the Bradford Typographical Union, had business in town to-day. Mr. Ross is an organizer of the American Federation of Labor, and his genial countenance is always welcomed by union men.

Mrs. Maloney and Jacob Amend of Clermont and Mrs. J. S. McCarty and C. A. Burdick, who were called to Pittsburg on Thursday last on account of the serious illness of Mr. Emmet F. Burdick, have returned home, Mrs. Burdick being much improved.

If its anything in Horse Blankets you will find our stock more complete than ever. Street and stable, all kinds and prices. Holmes & Gilfillan.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

HOLD ON!

Never give up when in sight of a light house. It's pipe has sprung a leak, don't think you'll be drowned but tell us quickly and we will come at once to the rescue. We will be to you in the

Plumbing Line

what the Light House is to the sailor. Our work and materials are to our business what BUOYS are to a harbor. They safe guards and prevent danger. Our work buoys you up with hope and doesn't do much damage to your bank account.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods.

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call.

Ellwood Gaskin,

Smethport, Pa.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

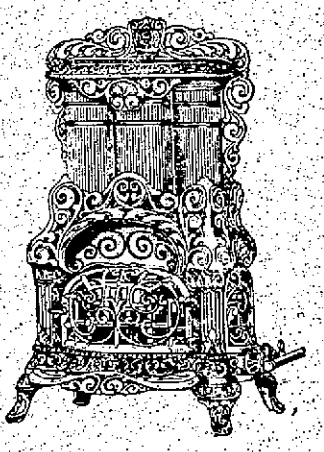
MILL ENDS TABLE LINEN Three Grades

These are short lengths of dependable Linens.
2, 2½ and 3 yards each.
This is an opportunity to replenish your linen chest at a considerable saving.
50c quality @ 44c yd.
75c quality @ 65c yd.
$1.00 quality @ 83c yd.

LADIES' NECKWEAR.

An entirely new assortment of the most recent novelties, including a lot of imported German laundried collars, 25c to $1.25 each.

FRY & COMES.



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Stick to the Old Reliable

"GARNET JEWEL"

Handsome in Appearance
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Economical in Fuel
Powerful & Odorless Heater.

We claim that the Garnet Jewel gives off more heat for the amount of gas consumed than any other heater made.

"Seeing is Believing."

If you will let us show you and explain the merits of this heater we will convince you that it is all we claim for it. The greatest selection of all kinds of Heating Stoves in the county.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

FALL STYLES.

Our elaborate line of Fall Goods are now on display and everything is up-to-date and stylish.

You will find a large and beautiful assortment of trimmed hats new ready-to-wears and all the latest novelties in millinery.

Also showing a new line of ladies and children's cloaks and the latest in furs.

Our styles have merit for all. Artistic styles; good quality and moderate prices.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

It Isn't Too Early

To Think About

Boys' Clothes

Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped up quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

Love and Lunacy

By Troy Allison

Copyright, 1904, by Troy Allison

"I hope you will remember it has been my pet scheme for the last five years," said young Dr. Hilyer, polishing his glasses with a vigor due less to necessity than to a desire to avoid his sister's flashing eyes.

Bettina gave her head a disdainful toss and helped herself to another chocolate.

"I know I shan't even like him," she said, finding it difficult to express disapproval with any great amount of dignity when one cheek was distorted by a chocolate drop.

"Now, Bettina, that's simply prejudice. He was the nicest fellow at college, and he is the only man on earth I would be willing for you to marry."

Bettina's fingers seized a candied violet which she discovered in the corner of the box.

"Of course I know he's a wonder," she said. "That's the reason I know I shan't like him. He is probably so perfect that he chews his food a regulation number of times before swallowing."

Hilyer laughed.

"I've seen him swallow sandwiches so fast it would take a lightning calculator to keep up with him. Now, Bettina, please be reasonable! I haven't seen Dent since we left college, but if he is as jolly a doctor as he was a medical student you certainly will not have cause to complain of his primness. He will be here in time for the dance tonight, and I simply want you to be nice to him. I don't know what it is women do to themselves when they want to be especially charming, but you can do it when you try, little sis."

Bettina balanced the somewhat depleted candy box on top of a skull that ornamented the doctor's desk.

"That's to keep the servant from eating the rest of it," she laughed. "Maggie wouldn't dare touch it now. Well, Brother Doctor, I'll see what effect the new pompadour silk will have on Dr. Dent. If it is immediate and startling and you see me sitting in the conservatory holding his hand don't be alarmed; it may be necessary to take his pulse."

Dr. Hilyer smiled as his erratic little sister flitted from the room.

He had been resident physician at the Burton asylum for two years, where it was customary to give an occasional dance for the inmates. Bettina found something unusual in these dances that she fairly reveled in, and she had not been known to miss one since her brother had been in charge. She would take the electric car from the city and arrive at the sanitarium triumphantly bearing a box containing her newest party dress, produced by home talent. The girl's mother encouraged her industry by giving her all the material for party dresses that she would make up, and her chic creations were the envy of her girl friends.

When she had arrived that afternoon she had shown her brother a guy little blue and pink pompadour frock that he had vowed would make it necessary to send all his harmless patients back to padded cells and leave a paucity of dancing men.

Dr. Dent's train was late. He hurried into his dress suit, and the two friends started down the hall toward the ballroom. An attendant came up hurriedly and whispered that Hilyer was needed immediately.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said, turning to go with the nurse. "You'll have to find your way in alone. There's no hostess, so go in and talk to any one you like. You'll find Bettina somewhere. Look for a yellow haired little girl in a blue and pink dress. I believe the little minx has sprinkled diamond dust in her hair and put a black patch on her cheek to be in keeping with her pompadour costume, so you will have no trouble in recognizing her."

Bettina was partly hidden by a group of palms when Dent entered the room. She saw him speak to several of the patients near the door and finally ask one dark eyed girl to dance.

Bettina recognized him immediately from the photograph in her brother's room and studied him calmly as he and his partner passed her.

Certain she was that Will had not told her Dent was a perfect Hercules and that even the photograph had been misleading. She acknowledged to herself the improbability of a man of his type mastiching food according to set rules and was rather inclined to think Will might have mentioned his style of dancing as a point in his favor when he had given a list of his friend's many virtues that afternoon.

When she saw him coming toward her with the evident intention of speaking she thought he mistook her for a patient, and her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"May I introduce myself?" he asked, bowing before her.

Bettina raised a haughty little head. "It is somewhat unusual for royalty to be approached with so little formality," she said lelly, "but of course the daughter of the lost dauphin of France has had to put up with a great many trials."

Dent looked startled. "Perhaps I have made a mistake"— he commenced.

"Oh, don't mention it," she interrupted, with an airy little wave of the hand. "'Tis within royal power to pardon, and even I, Princess Fleur-de-lis, feel that it is no condescension to talk to Alexander the Great on an equal footing."

Dent bowed again profoundly, so profoundly that when he stood erect he had gained control of the smile that threatened to convulse his countenance, for he knew he could not be mistaken about that patch and diamond dust. It was scarcely probable that two girls would be dressed just like this.

"Your highness, no battle trophy ever filled me with a joy that the effect of your approval does not far exceed. Permit me," he added, seating himself beside her.

"It's really a pleasure," she continued affably. "It is so seldom that one meets royal blood in this democratic America. It will positively be the cause of my being an old maid, for of course a princess could not marry a commoner, could she?" Bettina's wicked little dimple was now in evidence, and the patch on her cheek called attention to it in a way that seemed positively audacious.

"No, indeed," he assented eagerly; "of course princesses must marry—er—kings and things."

Bettina nodded approvingly. Her blue eyes looked into his with guileless expression that threatened Dent with a second attack of convulsions.

"Yes, of course," she smiled into his face with a confidential friendliness. "I rather think I would like a king myself, but I have met so few," sighing. "In fact, you are the first one."

He leaned over and took the fan from her hand.

"Fair princess, I feel that one could wish the first might be last and the last might be first."

"Oh, don't please don't," she entreated hurriedly. "Don't wish for anything. I'm afraid you might—cry."

Dent stared in astonishment.

"Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned it"—she drew the corners of her small mouth down in an absurdly contrite manner—"but we heard about—Alexander the Great's weeping; it's really a matter of history. I would not start you to crying and spoil the evening for you—not for anything."

"I feel a lump in my throat right now," he declared. "I am perfectly sure that if you don't dance this next waltz with me I shall burst into tears according to history."

She rose quickly.

"Anything to please the ba—I mean anything to keep you from crying," she said as they joined the dancers.

Hilyer peeped into the conservatory an hour later. "I guess I'll not disturb that," he muttered and tiptoed away.

On the last day of Dent's holiday Bettina's maid carried a box into her room.

It contained delicate purple and white lilacs tied with a royal purple ribbon strangely decorated. On one stremmer was a hand painted shield of strange device, and another end of ribbon was tied around a small scroll of paper.

The girl opened it eagerly.

Little Princess Fleur-de-lis—Alexander the Great feels another lump in his throat. He wants to call this afternoon and ask you that the fleur-de-lis shall be bound always by the royal ribbons of his house.

Later that afternoon Bettina smiled into his eyes admiringly.

"I certainly am glad to marry a man who knows so much," she said, pointing to the painted ribbon that she wore in a knot on her breast. "Now I was so ignorant that I had no idea how Alexander's coat of arms looked."

Dent drew the curly head over on his shoulder and laughed.

She asked him why he laughed.

He didn't think it necessary to tell her that he had paid a girl in an art store to copy the strangest looking shield he could find in the dictionary. A lion couchant or a charger rampant was all the same to him—he had trusted to luck that she would not know the difference, and he now added a touch of diplomacy that promised him great future success as a married man.

"What am I laughing at, little girl? You might know that a man who was emotional enough to cry for mere worlds would laugh when he found—heaven."

The Birds in the Picture.

George Chambers, an artist, was once commissioned by King William IV. of England to paint a picture of the attack on a fortress on the Spanish coast by a frigate commanded by his majesty, who was then the Duke of Clarence. The attack took place at night. Chambers completed a beautiful picture from some rough sketches that were in the king's possession, and when submitted for approval his majesty was delighted with it, but Chambers had taken an artist's liberty with the picture and for the purpose of relieving the somber veil of night had introduced some sea gulls skimming the waves. "Hello, hello, Chambers!" said his majesty. "This will never do to have the birds flying about at night. They were all gone to roost." "So they were, your majesty," replied Chambers, "but you gave such a rousing broadside with your guns that they all woke up and flew about." "Ah, so I did; so I did, Chambers. I forgot that. Very good, very good!"

Japanese Playing Cards.

"Japanese playing cards," writes a correspondent who has given some study to the playing cards of different countries, "are unlike those of any other country on earth. In shape they resemble those used in France and other countries on the continent, but they are very much smaller than ordinary cards, being but two inches in length by one in breadth. The backs of the cards are almost invariably black and with true Japanese artistic instinct are pasted over the edges of the cards so as to leave a narrow rim to form a frame on the face of the card. The symbols are stenciled and the card varnished or enameled, thus causing it to be extremely slippery. The pack consists of forty-nine cards, the extra one, which has a plain white face, being used or not at option as a 'joker.'"

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE GOLDEN SPIDER.

HOW THE GILDED TYRANT GATHERS IN THE GRASSHOPPERS.

Cunning of the Spider That Catches Its Prey With a Lasso—One Species That Makes Balloons, and Another That Builds Diving Bells.

A gilded tyrant, with velvety black markings, is the huge golden spider sitting in her house woven of silken meshes. Her weaving, too, is marvelously strong, and the six guy ropes that support her swinging habitation some five feet long. And what may Mme. Spider be watching for? Ah, a gay green grasshopper, that, with more athletic action than wisdom, springs right into the very midst of Mme. Spider's net. And she had been on the alert for just such a victim. The web swings to and fro with such violence that one would expect it to be torn to shreds. But no; before the stupid grasshopper can possibly kick himself loose, and, notwithstanding his struggles have torn a large rent in the web, he finds himself incased in a silken shroud, deftly woven by his enemy, and in this he swings helplessly. Then Mme. Spider comes down, her zigzag stairway and sizes up her catch, maybe gives him a little nipping bite and then leaves him to his fate until such time as she wishes to serve him up for the family dinner.

There are many of these great golden spiders in thickets. All of them look sleek and well fed. There is an American spider which haunts evergreen trees and catches its prey by means of a lasso. The web of this spider is triangular in form, consisting of four longitudinal lines and a large number of cross fibers connecting them. Two corners of the triangle are attached to twigs, but the other corner, which terminates in a single thread, is held by the spider, perching on a neighboring twig. When a fly strikes the web the spider loosens his hold, and the elastic threads instantly entangle the victim.

If you anchor a pole in a body of water, leaving the pole above the surface, and put a spider upon it, he will exhibit a marvelous intelligence by his plans of escape. At first he will spin a web several inches long and hang to one end, while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope that it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure. He waits until the wind shifts perhaps and then sends another silken bridge floating off in another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts until all points of the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken balloon.

He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off upon the mere supposition that it will carry him, as men often do, but he fastens it to a guy rope. He then gets into his aerial vehicle while it is fast and tests it to see whether its dimensions are capable of bearing him away. He sometimes finds that he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it all apart and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, snap his guy rope and sail away, to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.

The diving bell is considered to be a great invention, yet long before man thought of his diving bell the water spider had hers, in which she reared her numerous family. There are several remarkable things about this nest. One of them is the manner in which it is made.

In that businesslike manner which characterizes all spiders she boldly plunges into the water and walks down the stem of a pond weed. When she has selected a suitable position for her silken palace she fixes a number of strong lines in all directions for anchorage. Then in the midst of these she constructs a beautiful web, somewhat in the shape of a thimble, but not quite so large. It is full of water and therefore not like a diving bell. How is the water to be got out and replaced with air?

The true explanation is wonderful. She carries the whole of the air required from the surface. Her body and legs are covered with grayish hairs. She plunges quickly into the water. The movement is so rapid that the air has not time to escape from her hairy coat, and she goes down surrounded by globules of air. When across the threshold of her own home she carefully dislodges this air by rubbing herself with her legs. The liberated bubbles immediately arise to the roof of her house and there remain. In this way she at length fills the whole bell and takes up her position in it, always head downward. Here she passes the winter, keeping snug and quiet until the warm days of spring invite her to the surface in quest of flies and other small insects.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Bright Child.

"Now, children," asked the teacher, "what little boy or girl will tell me what sort of an animal the kangaroo is?"

"It isn't an animal at all," said the little wise boy.

"Not an animal, Johnny?"

"No'm. It's a big grasshopper."—Chicago Tribune.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

PROPER WAY TO WALK.

A Physical Instructor Gives Advice on the Subject.

The way to walk straight is not to think of the shoulders at all, says a physical instructor. Hang your arms loosely at your sides and hold yourself erect by moderate tension of the back and abdominal muscles and the muscles of the neck. Then your shoulders will have to hang right.

Don't "throw out" your chest. The chest that is inflated properly by deep breathing is bound to be thrown out, and thrown out not like that of a stuffed figure, but naturally, because it can't help it.

Don't walk with a stiff neck. Hold your head erect the way an animal does. Watch a deer. Its neck is always in motion, yet it is always held beautifully. Your head poised on a stiffly held neck is no good for either balancing or looking around you. Poised confidently on strong but pliant neck muscles, it becomes what a head should be.

Many classes of men who do much walking, such as Indians, guides and trappers, walk with their bodies inclined forward a little bit. But they don't round their shoulders or stoop their heads. They incline forward from the hips. This throws their weight a little ahead and gives the leg muscles the chance to exert all their power in the best directions. But the upper body is never bent by these men. It simply is held forward from the hips at a very slight, barely perceptible, angle.

Even if correct poise in walking had nothing to do with other forms of athletics it would be invaluable in itself. The man who walks right is going to keep his organs—heart, kidneys, liver and lungs—in splendid form. But, besides all this, it helps wonderfully in all outdoor sports.

PAPUAN CANNIBALS.

They Must Murder and Taste Human Blood to Attain Manhood.

The cannibal instinct of the Papuan of New Guinea is not hard to explain. In all the 313,000 square miles of New Guinea there is not a tribe which does not regard murder as a knightly accomplishment. Until a man has taken a human life and has sipped human blood he is an object of ridicule. He is not permitted to tattoo himself, and with a skin thus unadorned he is shunned by Papuan society.

Immediately after killing some one, however, the murderer must undergo six days of "purification," which are marked by various uncanny rites. He first washes himself and his weapon and seats himself upon a stage in the sight of the whole town, but nevertheless unnoticed by all. During this time he must eat nothing except roasted bananas, the pulp of which he bites out and the rest he throws away. On the third day he has so far purified himself that his friends entertain him at a feast, and on the fourth day he decks himself with all the ornaments of his home and parades up and down the village. After being thoroughly admired he walks down to a river, and, standing with feet wide apart, he lets all the boys who want to become great men swim through his legs. On the next day at dawn he jumps from bed and yells out of the window at the top of his lungs. His shout is supposed to scare away the ghost of his victim. On the following day he returns to his wife, who has spurned him up to this time, and is once more installed as the respected lord of his household.—New York Tribune.

Snakes in the Water.

All reptiles swim. Almost all snakes move through the water with as much ease and rapidity as on land. Rattlesnakes, for example, are much given to swimming in placid water if it is not too cold. In the everglade lakes of Florida they may be often seen. It is well to know that to attack from a boat a poisonous snake in the water is a much more dangerous proceeding than to attack the snake on land. The reason is that the reptile will immediately make for the boat, since it must have a solid base from which to strike. It half leaps and half climbs into the craft, and there is a fight at uncomfortably close quarters.—Success.

A Wedding Warning.

The Breton peasant does not believe in any such new fangled doctrine as that of the equality of the sexes, and he makes that clear when he takes unto himself a wife. Then, according to ancient custom, directly the fatal knot is tied the bridegroom gives the bride a smart box on the ear, saying, "This is how it feels when you displease me." After this ingallant proceeding he draws her tenderly toward him and kisses her, saying, "And this is how it feels when you treat me well."

Effectual Way.

"I thought Smeargle was a friend of yours."

"He was until lately. I had to drop him. He was always wanting to borrow money."

"Refused him sharply, did you?"

"No; I lent him some."—Chicago Tribune.

Just a Little Favor.

Mrs. Nodd—The cook refuses to get up earlier than 7. Todd—Ask her if she won't do it for a couple of days until I can rearrange my business.—Brooklyn Life.

What Worried Him.

She—But, pa, he says he can't live without me. Pa—But the question is whether he can live without me.—New York Press.

Many a girl makes a blunder in not taking a man at his word when he says, "I am not worthy of your love."

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by.
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—A. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tyra Raymer, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer. W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Risner
Justices—H. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Artle.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. W. A. ANDREYER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 386, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FURCHGOTT, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. POWERTER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
G. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATHEY, Sec'y.

Phœnix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. AUBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

until 7:50 a. m.

10:26 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 a. m., New York 9:35 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:23 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH.	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
9:20	Ridgway	12 01
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
9:56	Glen Hazel	11:19
10:07	Straight	11:07
10:12	Instanter	11:02
10:20	Smith's Run	10:55
10:29	Woodvale	10:43
10:35	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:30 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 26th, 1904. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R., East and West, and at Kane with P. & E. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

9:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 and 9:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:38 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:50 a. m.).

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:56 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:40 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:35 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 1:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 1:47 p. m.).

2:30 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 3:20 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:50 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:30 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:20 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.).

Trains arrive:—8:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 7:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett, with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS	Dp	L'v Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Cluwell		7.47	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter		o	2.34	9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.36
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June		7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	o	Newfield		7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond		7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's		8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Coleburg		8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks		8.12	3.17	10.30
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt		o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
o	o	12.13	Hammond		o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton		o	6.17	o
3.40	7.23	11.55	Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman		o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks		o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. MCCLURE, Supt.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 23, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m., Baltimore 5:20 a. m., Washington 6:35 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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Buttercups And Daisies

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

Jocelyn glanced at the tiny clock on her dresser.

"Seven ten!" she said. "I'll have time to answer that letter after I get the dishes washed!"

Her task was accomplished with brisk dexterity. To be sure, there were not many dishes to be washed—one cup, one saucer, one spoon, one plate, one knife, one fork.

"Quite an old maid's outfit!" she said, with a little grimace as she rinsed out the diminutive teapot and set it on the shelf with the china. "Now to tell Ned, dear old Ned, that—that—oh, how would a girl in a story refuse to marry a man that was quite the best fellow she knew, only—only"—

She read Edward Ford's letter through again, as though seeking some suggestion as to the most delicate and decisive manner in which she could decline his proposal.

It was a charming letter—simple, manly and straightforward. He loved her—he had always loved her. She must know that. There never had been another girl for him. There never could or would be while life lasted, whether she made him happy or bade him wait or—or, even should she answer no. He had wanted to speak when she came up to work in the city, but had not felt free to do so, having others dependent upon him. But now that his dear mother's sufferings were ended and that his sister had married and possessed a home of her own he was able to follow the dictates of his heart. The old place needed a mistress. It was very beautiful just then, he added. The syringa hedge was white with blossom. You couldn't see the road for the clematis and seven sisters rose across the porch.

The girl, sitting at the window of the lodging house, looked out at the dirty Nottingham lace curtains of the lodging house across the street and then afar over a wilderness of irregular brick walls and smoking chimneys with eyes grown suddenly wistful. How she hated it all! Even if she could keep this fresh and dainty—this tiny room she called her own!

Maplewild! The big, comfortable country house, set back in its orchard lands! She used to laugh at the quaint, prim, low ceiled rooms, with their air of rigid order, of sedateness. Now she fancied them as a sweet, cool refuge. If there were only some fresh swisses and silkoline draperies around, and magazines and a lot of light, cretonne pillows, what an ideal home it would be! She would do the dining room in yellow, as it was on the north side of the house, and—

The clanging gong of a fire engine passing in the street below startled her from her dream. She straightened up with a little jerk, and glanced around the shabby little room, with the crude paper, the aggressive carpet, the cheap pine furniture, and her trunk in the corner. If was here she was going to remain—here. She had no intention of marrying Ned Ford. So she hastily dipped her pen in the ink bottle on the window sill, steadied her portfolio on her knee and began to write:

Dear Ned—I have your letter, and I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry you wrote it! Not that I don't want you to be fond of me—I do. It seems sometimes as if I'm millions of miles away from every one who ever cared a pin for me. But it isn't any use your loving me—that way. Don't think there's any one else. There isn't. Two men have asked me the same question since I've been earning my living in town. But I couldn't care for either the tiniest bit. And I do care for you—only, not in the way I ought to if—

She shot a look at the little clock—jumped to her feet.

"Seven ten, still!"

She grabbed her hat, hastily put it on, adjusted her veil with a glance at the pretty, pale face that looked back at her from the glass with quite a frightened expression, and caught up her gloves.

"Mercy! I must have forgotten to wind the clock. I was so tired last night. I'll be late as sure as fate!"

The cars were crowded, and she had to stand all the way to the store. She was late and was not only docked, but received a reprimand from the head of the department. There was a convention of some sort in town, and the great establishment was thronged with sightseers and shoppers. The heat of the day increased, and what with the close, sultry warmth, the worry over the episode of the morning and the incessant demands upon her attention a splitting headache began to torture the girl. She found it hard to retain her usual calm courtesy of manner when a fashionably dressed woman upon whom she had been waiting announced loudly and with a suspicious glance in her direction that she had missed her pocketbook.

"I had it a moment ago. I just laid it down here!" she explained to the floorwalker who had hurried up. "This young lady was waiting on me!"

"It may have been taken to the lost and found department. If you will come with me, madam."

She reluctantly accompanied him. And when a few minutes later she repassed the counter carrying her reclaimed property the look she sent Jocelyn Dunne was as vindictive as though she still harbored doubt of her innocence.

"Pleasant life, this!" the girl murmured. Being independent was not all it was cracked up to be she was deciding when a gentle voice spoke. "Gloves—5¾!"

"Yes, madam! What shade do you pre"—

"Goodness," cried the new customer, "if it isn't Jocelyn Dunne!"

A plump little woman, holding a plump little baby, sat beside the counter. The wholesome tan of the country was on her cheek, and the joy of living shone in her soft brown eyes.

"Why, Mary Andrews!" Jocelyn greeted her gladly. "It does seem good to see any one from Maplewild! I heard you were married soon after I left. And this is your child? What a darling!"

"Isn't he!" said the mother proudly. "John thinks there never was such a boy. He came up to the convention, and of course we had to come along. You look awfully stylish, Jocelyn—and pretty. You're prettier than ever. But—my, you're thin!"

"How is every one at Maplewild?" Jocelyn asked hastily, busying herself with the gloves.

"Blooming—all that are left. We've had some deaths, you know. Poor Mrs. Ford is gone. They do say that Ellie Moore would willingly be mistress of Ned's fine old house now"—

"Ellie Moore!" repeated Jocelyn. She flushed hotly. There was a queer ache in her throat. What right had Ellie Moore—or any other girl—

"She's a rich girl—and not bad looking! Tan, please! How queer it seems to be buying gloves from you! Yes, those will do. I must hurry. This young man is getting impatient. I suppose you'll never condescend to come to Maplewild again, Jocelyn?"

Jocelyn laughed in a sudden, breathless, happy fashion.

"Perhaps I shall!" she said.

When she opened the door of her ugly little room that evening a miracle of loveliness met her gaze. In the pitcher on the window sill was an immense bunch of daisies and buttercups—a blaze of snow and gold.

"A splendid looking young gentleman brought them," the maid said when questioned. "He said I was to put them in water in your room. And he left a card with writing on."

Jocelyn's tired face glowed as she read the pencilled lines:

I couldn't bear to read your answer. I followed my letter in person. Will call at 8 this evening.

Jocelyn went to her portfolio, took out a half written sheet of note paper and tore it into minute pieces. Then she knelt down by the window and laid her hot cheek against the cool velvet of the flowers. And all the dull, monotonous, dreary present fell away from her. She was not an independent young working woman. She was a happy girl again among the fields at home—loved, admired, protected.

Such magic had they wrought!

And when she dressed herself in her prettiest gown of blue and silver, it was a girl with starry eyes and rose red cheeks who smiled proudly back at her from the mirror.

"Ellie Moore," she said—"Ellie Moore, indeed! The very idea!"

She looked so radiant and so lofty when she swept into the parlor that the stalwart young fellow striding across the room to meet her felt his heart sink.

"Jocelyn," he said, "I've come for my answer."

She smiled tenderly and touched the blooms thrust in her belt.

"Oh, Jocelyn!" he whispered, his eyes kindling. "Oh, Jocelyn dearest!"

The Worst Wind of the World.

"What is the worst wind of the world?" said the captain of a trading ship that pokes her nose in almost every spot of the world during her curious wanderings. "Well, I'll tell you first of other winds, so as to lead up to it artistically. I've been through a Kamchatka, which is what they call the storms of that country, and I've been it blow drifts fifty feet high in an hour. I put in three days in a typhoon, which is the great-grandfather of all the hurricanes. It blew every sail out of the bolt ropes and swept the deck so clean that it looked as if it had been scraped. Down in St. Vincent, in the West Indies, I lay on the beach during a West Indian hurricane, the black storm that sweeps over the Caribbean, and I had to dig my hands into the earth to hold tight.

"But worse than all these is the wind that they call the woolly, or the willy, or the willy willy, according to locality. You get it at its best in the strait of Magellan, but a great part of the country around the southern end of the south temperate regions enjoys its blessings."—New York Press.

Couldn't Find It.

A young man having evolved what he considered a good joke, forwarded it to a comic paper, but received no answer. Desirous of ascertaining the fate of his contribution he sent the editor the following letter:

Sir—I have carefully read your paper for the last month, but fail to find any trace of the joke I sent you on the 5th ult.

In due course he received this reply:

Sir—In reply to your letter, I deeply sympathize with you, for, since I received your MS. on the 5th ult. I have carefully read it several times, but up to date I, too, have failed to find any trace of the joke referred to.

Beecher and the Medium.

While in England Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the seance was over he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with a twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded, "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has I shall be a stark naked fool."

HUNTED BY AN ELEPHANT.

A Thrilling Experience That Almost Ended In Death.

A South African newspaper has a thrilling account of two Englishmen who went out to hunt elephants. They were Captain Medlicott and a Mr. Ballard. Accompanied by several natives, they confronted a huge elephant. "The tusker trumpeted 'charge,' and as the rifles rang out—there was only his big chest to aim at, for he had raised aloft his trunk—he came full speed across the clearing, a red mouthed, glaring tusked, screaming, active mammoth. Ballard made a rapid flank movement to the right. His objective was a thorn tree. He and the elephant arrived there together. Down came the tree in front of the elephant. Ballard's gun was flung into the middle of the clearing, and boughs and thorns pinned the hunter to the ground. The elephant swerved like a skater doing the outside edge. Umhlope, the chief native hunter, did not wait. With a yell to Captain Medlicott of 'Run, boss,' he made a frantic leap for a fig tree. Then the elephant charged Captain Medlicott, who saw three feet in front of him a hole in the ground. He didn't wait to investigate, but dived feet first down the hole. His gun, which he had held aloft, crossed the hole and remained outside, almost dislocating his arm with the jerk.

"He had landed in one of the old mealie pits of a disused kraal, circular excavations about five feet high and eight feet in diameter in which natives empty their grain. Thinking of Ballard, the captain crept quietly up to the hole and listened. There was no sound. He raised himself cautiously and pushed his head through the orifice. The sight that met him froze his blood. The elephant stood right over him, both wicked eyes on the watch, and as he ducked his head a long, nervous, sinuous trunk followed him into the pit, seeking to drag him from the hole like a trout from the stream. He began dodging the trunk—under it, pass it, behind it, round the edge of the pit into the center, now crushed against the walls and missing it by a hair, round and round and round to the point of exhaustion. Umhlope, the native tracker, from his point of vantage in the tree saw the elephant drag forth in triumph every article of clothing the luckless captain had worn. The tusker waved them in the air and then stamped on them.

"About this time the native heard a groan from Ballard, pinioned under the thorn tree. Perceiving that if one of the white men should survive he, Umhlope, would be called to account for his inactivity, he slid quietly down from his tree and, unseen by the elephant, set off to the nearest kraal for assistance. When help arrived some time later, the tusker was gone. Ballard was rescued from the bush, where he lay seriously injured, and the next move was toward the mealie pit. Calls to come out brought no response. Then two warriors descended and soon a human shape, with nothing European about it but the boots, was passed to the surface. The captain was called from head to ankle with red clay and perspiration. The two Europeans were hoisted on to improvised stretchers of wattle and carried home. One was exhausted after his three hours' scrimmage and the other was not quite sure which bone in his body was the most completely smashed."

In the Other Pocket.

"I can't quite make your change," said the country storekeeper, painfully recounting the pile of pennies in his hand: "It's a cent out of the way."

"Oh, never mind," returned the unmitigated summer boarder. "But it's my cent," was the moving rejoinder.

Sometimes it does happen to make a difference if we know who owns the cent. The New York Press tells this story of a man who, early on Monday morning, came to the assistant treasurer of a church.

"I attended service yesterday," said he, "and I made a mistake when you took up the collection. I had a penny and a five dollar gold piece in my pocket. I think"—

Here he stopped to take breath, and the other man interrupted him with some impatience. He had heard just that complaint before. Somebody was always hunting a five dollar gold piece.

"I think you are mistaken," said he. "We had no five dollar gold pieces in Sunday's collection."

"That's just what I am trying to get at," said the old gentleman. "You ought to have had one. I meant to put mine in the basket, but I made a mistake and dropped in the penny instead. Here is the gold piece."—Youth's Companion.

Cutting Up a Whale.

When a fish, as the whalers will forever call a whale, is taken, the ship gets alongside, and the creature is fixed head and tail in a curious and ancient fashion, so that by slacking or tightening the ropes each part of the vast body can be brought uppermost. A whole boat may be seen inside the giant mouth, the men hacking with axes to slice away the ten foot screens of bone, while others, with sharp spades, upon the back are cutting off the deep great coat of fat in which kindly nature has wrapped up this most overgrown of her children. In a few hours all is stowed away in the tanks, and a red islet, with white projecting bones, lies alongside and sinks like a stone when the ropes are loosed.

Some years ago a man, still lingering on the back, had the misfortune to have his foot caught between the creature's ribs at the instant when the tackles were undone. Some eons hence those two skeletons, the one hanging by the foot from the other, may grace the museum of a subtropical Greenland or astonish the students of the Spitzbergen Institute of Anatomy.—Exchange.

For Sake of Peace

By OTHO B. SEGNA

Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Segna

"Mrs. Gray," whispered Alec Bruce, "where is Peace?"

"In the studio."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Where are the other girls?"

"They are all out somewhere. Kara is"—

"Never mind. Just so they are not in the house. Mrs. Gray, if you have any mercy in your makeup keep everybody away from that studio for just one half hour. I've waited two years for this chance."

He hurried noiselessly up the stairs to the top floor of the Octagon, home of bachelor maids. The studio door was open, and Peace sat by the easel facing an unfinished painting of "Evangeline."

"Peace be unto this house," was his salutation as he salaamed oriental fashion, "and to me, Peace!"

She feigned absorption in her work.

"Must I remove my shoes?" still waiting at the door, holding a rose in his outstretched hand.

"Come you from Persia?" she queried, smiling.

"Surely, fair lady, and the rose—'tis the Persian rose of beauty and of love—to you a peace offering."

"I suppose you may come in," grudgingly. "I really want the rose."

'Tis yours, gentle maiden, likewise the heart of the Persian."

"That's not funny," severely.

"Nay, but 'tis truth."

"It's a beautiful morning for a walk," in a "no trespassing" tone.

"Oh, delightful!" chilled, but tenaciously hopeful. "Jack and I have been out looking at houses."

"How interesting!"

"Tell me truly, Peace, what did you think the other day when I actually forced old Jack to show his hand, likewise his heart?"

"I thought," vaguely, intuitively on the defensive, "I thought you knew—what you were about."

"I did," eagerly. "I feared he would never propose to Edith unless he was helped, and I was tired of waiting."

"Waiting?" with puzzled interest.

"Yes. You see, I was bound by a sacred promise, and I was growing desperate."

"I don't understand"—

"It was like this," pushing the Roman seat nearer the easel and assuming a nonchalance he was far from feeling—"you know, it's two years since Jack and I began calling here at the Octagon. Judge Graves introduced us—sort of vouched for our respectability—you may remember"—

"I remember," putting fresh colors on the palette.

"Well, in a few weeks Jack discovered that he was in love with Edith. I knew long before that I was in"—

"Kindly move a little, Mr. Bruce. I may spatter paint on your clothing," coldly polite.

The Roman seat was moved back a little a very little.

"Thank you. I don't often spatter, but accidents will happen, you know"—

"M—m, yes. Well, as I was saying," strenuously endeavoring to regain lost ground, "Jack and I dressed to one another one night, and Jack was dreadfully gloomy over it, pausing, expecting a question.

The artist was intensely interested in adjusting with the brush a fold of Evangeline's gown.

"M—m, over his prospects, I mean. And when I told him that I was"—

"Please hand me that rag, Mr. Bruce; no, not that one, the oily one on the floor beside your seat. Thank you. I never before had so much trouble with drapery."

"You don't know what the word trouble means, Peace Gray. Now, I'll go on," firmly. "When I told Jack that I was in love he said that was all right for me. With my wealth I could propose at once, and I could be married within a month if I wanted to, while he, with his uncertain future, must wait an indefinite time before he could even let the girl know he cared for her."

"Well, he has now, and I hope they will be very happy," dismissing the subject with finality.

"Oh, they will," hurriedly, "and I told Jack—actually made a vow, in fact—that I'd never breathe a word of"—

"You kept the secret faithfully, Mr. Bruce. There, don't you like that drapery better?"

—"never breathe a word of my attachment," doggedly persevering, "until he was in a position to declare his. And I've kept faith with Jack and strict guard over myself for two years. Now," triumphantly, "I am free to speak."

"Do you care to have the cross in the picture, Mr. Bruce? Many artists show a cross, half concealed in the shadowy suggestion of trees, just back of the figure of Evangeline. This is your commission and any changes"—

"I wish you'd let me finish it," with apparent surrender.

"Finish the picture? Why, I didn't know you could paint."

"I can't, nor draw, but I can finish this picture to suit me. Peace, do you know she looks like you?"

"So the girls say," following his lead with evident relief.

"I wish she didn't look so sad."

"You couldn't expect anything else. She cannot find her Gabriel."

"Some Evangelines won't look at Gabriel when he comes to them," gloomily.

"I'm curious to know how you would finish the picture," on guard again.

"Oh, I'd improve on Longfellow. I'd have Gabriel come and surprise her while she is sitting here. I'd have her seem glad to see him, and—and very glad to him, you know. I'd have him put his arms around her and kiss her—well, nine times, sure. And then I'd have them marry and live happy ever after, as the old fashioned fairy tales always did."

"If I weren't afraid you'd spoil the picture," temptingly.

"Oh, no, I won't; I won't hurt it a bit," eagerly, a daring thought fascinating him with its possibilities. "You get me a big apron; I mustn't spoil my clothes."

Her absence was brief, but sufficient for his purpose. When she returned he waved his hand triumphantly toward the easel.

"There, Evangeline, your Gabriel has come and awaits your greeting."

She stepped nearer to the picture—a large, unmounted photograph of Bruce was placed on the easel close to the figure of Evangeline. She caught it up quickly, ignoring the significance of its position and of Alec's words.

"Oh, when did you have this? It is very good."

He came nearer, looking at the photograph over her shoulder.

"That's your Gabriel, Evangeline. You must be good to him, you know. Oh, Peace, don't put me off any longer. You understand me—I want you for my wife, Peace. Why, Peace! Peace, Peace, dearest, don't cry! What is the matter? What have I said to hurt you so?"

"Oh, Alec, I am so ashamed—so ashamed!"

"Here, sit here, Peace, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, Alec, I've been terribly jealous, and I've thought hateful things about all the girls—Tillie first, then Martha and Kara and Kathleen—oh, I've hated them all!"

"M—m! This is pretty bad, Peace, but I'll tell you what I've done. I've laid plans"—lowering his voice to a tragical whisper—"deep, dark plans to do away with every man except Jack who ever came to the Octagon. I meant to smother Coleridge under a bower of his own orchids, and press the breath out of Judge Graves with a stack of law books, and drown Abe Adams in a flood of eloquence, and as for that impetuous westerner—I thought it was you he wanted—I could have torn him limb from limb. You see, we're dangerous—too dangerous to be at large. We'll have to marry for the sake of peace."

"Not for the sake of Alec?" archly.

"Oh, Peace, for my sake, and, Peace, a double wedding with Jack and Edith"—

"That half hour, Alec Bruce," called Mrs. Gray's voice from the hall, "is greatly overdone, and"—

"Not a bit of it, Auntie Gray. This half hour is rare. There'll never be another like it."

"I thought I'd tell you the girls are coming—all four of them"—

"Keep them away, auntie; keep them away from me. You know their belligerent, quarrelsome dispositions. And I have determined that at any cost I must and will have Peace!"

And the chronicles of the Octagon record that he did.

A Good Natured Wife.

An English rustic whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper went over the way to a neighbor one evening and said:

"Neighbor, I just should like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbor. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you just do what I tell you, and if that won't act nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest sticks for the fire you can get—them as won't lie in no form—and see how she makes out then."

The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment.

He was greeted with a smiling face and the gentle request:

"Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked sticks if you can find them. They do just fit around the kettle so nicely!"

Agamemnon's Tomb.

Agamemnon, it has been claimed, is a glorious myth, but those who have felt the charm of Homer's matchless epic telling of his achievements at Troy will be loath to believe it. Let us keep inviolate our belief in the heroes! You may see—today Agamemnon's tomb at Mycenae. Greece—Mycenae, to which he, as king, returned triumphant from the conquest of Ilium, bringing with him, as Æschylus tells in the greatest of Greek tragedies, the fair Cassandra. Agamemnon did not die of old age, covered with honors, for that was not the popular end of heroes in those strenuous days. Homer says he was slain by Ægisthus, lover of his queen wife. Æschylus tells that Queen Clytemnestra killed both Agamemnon and Cassandra.

A True Portrait.

The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it."

The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction.

"It is just like him," she said, "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

HUMOR IN TEXT OF CLERGY.

Amusing Remarks Which Were Most Seriously Intended.

Part of the humor which one occasionally meets with even in the sedate inclosure of the pulpits is due to the queer texts which are sometimes, often unconsciously, chosen by preachers. No doubt there are many stories told under this head which owe their origin not to actual fact so much as to the invention of the wag. For example, a minister on the Sunday before his marriage is said to have chosen as his text, "And he went on his way rejoicing," and on the Sunday after his honeymoon to have eloquently discoursed on the words "Remember my bonds."

These instances are probably apocryphal, but the following are true and have all come within the experience of the writer. It was in the north of England that the first incident happened. It was a country church where oil lamps were used instead of gas. One night in the late summer when the lamps had not yet been resumed after the long days it got suddenly overcast, and before the sermon it was deemed necessary to light the pulpit lamp. During the hymn the old sexton repaired to the pulpit and, having cleaned the glass chimney with a duster, lit it up, but only a feeble light struggled through. And then the clergyman took his text, which was this, "And now we see through a glass darkly."

A few years ago a well known bishop married his second wife and, returning home after his honeymoon, announced a series of sermons, the title of the series being "The Penitent's Return." This was obviously unintentional.

There is a church in one of our large cities which boasts of a very high pulpit. A short time ago a strange preacher, who was of a nervous temperament, occupied this pulpit, but as the sequel will show, only for a very short time, for, having taken his text and said about a dozen words, he startled his congregation by saying, "As I am not used to pulpits as high as this, you will pardon me, I know, if I come down and preach my sermon from the lectern." He suited his action to the words and preached a very good sermon from the modest lectern. And this was his strangely appropriate text, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

One more instance: Not many months ago a clergyman preached one Sunday evening from the text, "My words shall not pass away." Exactly a fortnight later the same clergyman preached the same sermon from the same text in the same church, to the wonderment of practically the same congregation. Evidently it was his determination that at any rate his words should not pass away from the memory of his hearers.—Chicago Chronicle.

Chinese Calendars.

As our week is not used except among Christian converts the Chinese are accustomed to count by the days of the moon. Certain days are considered specially sacred, such as the 1st and 15th of each month and the dates on which the numbers are doubled, as the 3d of the third month or 7th of the seventh month. Particular attention is given in the calendars, for general use to the lucky and unlucky days, sometimes even to the neglect of astronomical information and predictions. Some editions combine rather poetical matter with the practical and superstitious notes, giving the date when the rainbow will first be seen, the time for the opening of certain flowers and the migrations and songs of birds. Although all calendars are issued annually they have received the emperor's approval, and, although filled with superstition and inaccurate in many particulars, they are most interesting and attractive and present a good example of the lore and science of the Chinese people.

Horses as Swimmers.

Deer and horses rank next to bears in swimming powers. Deer swim rapidly and gracefully, and it is not uncommon for them to cover a distance of ten or even fifteen miles in the water. Horses are powerful swimmers and have none of the aversion toward entering the water which is often shown even by animals which can swim well when forced to. A number of horses that were pastured on the American side of the Niagara river once swam in company across this broad stream in order to return to their old stables. It may be useful to know that in crossing a body of water with a horse the best method, if the horse is expected to swim any considerable distance, is to slide over his back, hold the animal lightly by the tail and allow it to tow you across. This relieves the horse of the weight of the body and enables him to swim faster and much farther than otherwise would be the case.

The Dread Bamboo Bloom.

In some parts of China the natives are in dread of the bloom of the bamboo, at which season all kinds of dreadful disasters are predicted and confidently looked for. Like some other superstitions, this one has a slight foundation. The fact is that the bamboo only flowers once and then dies, and as a rule the whole lot of plants, often covering large areas, bloom together. The reason of this is that the individuals of a species are commonly gregarious and all are of the same age, having taken simultaneous possession of ground rendered vacant perhaps by a similar depopulation. A somewhat analogous case is presented by some of the strobilanths of tropical Asia. These plants live about seven years, then all burst out into a glorious mass of blue flowers and then die away, leaving, it may be, hundreds of acres of ground destitute of the luxuriant vegetation it previously supported.

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What Shall We Have for Dessert?
The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

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AFRAID OF BIG CITIES

ENGLAND LONG TRIED TO KEEP DOWN LONDON'S POPULATION

Laws Passed That Made It an Offense to Live in the Metropolis and Proclamations Issued to Restrict the Size and Number of Buildings.

From the days of Elizabeth to those of Charles II. the various English governments tried by every means within their power to preserve the kingdom from the "evils" attendant upon a huge metropolis. The frequent outbreakings of the plague afterward culminating in the terrible visitation which carried off over 30,000 persons—the fear that with the deluge of building the population would be "poisoned by breathing in one another's faces," the incapacity of the police of the time to preserve order and their utter helplessness in the face of mob law—these were among the contributory causes which brought about a long series of vexatious and annoying prohibitions.

In 1580 a proclamation was issued prohibiting the erection within three miles of the city gates of any new houses or tenements upon sites where no former house had been known to have been erected. Later came another proclamation, by which it was ordered that only one family should live in each house, that houses erected within the past seven years and still unlet should remain empty, and that all unfinished buildings on new foundations should be pulled down.

There would appear to have been neither order nor system in these varying proclamations, which were issued every six or seven years. Thus at one time buildings were prohibited within ten miles of London, at another (as quoted above) within three miles, and, while under Elizabeth unfinished houses only were required to be pulled down, orders were issued later under which houses which had been erected several years were ruthlessly demolished.

Further proclamations of the same period commanded that "persons of livelihood and means should reside in their counties and not abide or sojourn in the city of London, so that counties remained unserved," but these seem to have been of no effect until the reign of Charles I., when they were renewed and definite steps taken to enforce obedience. All persons of livelihood and means unconnected with public offices were ordered within forty days from the date of the notice to resort to their several counties and with their families continue their residence there, and they were further warned "not to put themselves to unnecessary charge in providing themselves to return in winter to the said cities"—i. e., London and Westminster—"as it was the king's firm resolution to withstand such great and growing evil."

Even this had little effect upon the public in its first issue, and a copious list was prepared of offenders, including a great number of the nobility and ladies and gentlemen, who were accused of living in London for several months after the given warning. Most of these had made a pretense of quitting the city, to return again after a brief absence, hoping thus to escape the penalty of their disobedience.

It came as a bolt from the blue in 1635 when Mr. Palmer, a large landholder in Sussex, was brought into the star chamber and fined £1,000 for disobeying the proclamation as to living in the country and remaining in London after the prescribed period. He was a bachelor, and he urged in his defense that he had never been married, had never been a "housekeeper" and had no house fitting for a man of his birth to reside in, his own mansion in the country having been burned down, but his judges were inexorable, and the fine was accompanied by a severe reprimand for having deserted his tenants and neighbors.

In the same year information was filed against Sir John Suckling, the poet, and many others for the same offense, and such was the terror caused by these prosecutions that on all sides folk of condition and quality were to be seen preparing for flight into the country, cursing the hardship of being confined to their country houses and leaving town and its pleasures behind. To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country, says a writer of the times, all game fowl, such as pheasants, partridges, ducks and hares, were at certain times forbidden to be dressed or eaten in any inn.

In a proclamation issued by Charles II. in 1661—one of the last in this direction—among the inconveniences set forth as daily growing by the spread of new buildings were: The increase of the people in such great numbers as to prohibit their proper government by the wonted officers, the enhancement of the price of victuals, the endangering of the health of the city inhabitants and the damage done to the tradespeople in the boroughs by the migration townward of the population.

But it was all of no avail. Nothing could stop the increase of "upstart London," as it was termed by some of the old writers, and the prediction of James I. that "England will itself be London, and London England," is fast approaching verification. What would his late majesty say now to "those swarms of gentry who, through the instigation of their wives or to new model and fashion their daughters, neglect their country hospitality and cumber the city, a general nuisance to the kingdom?"

Somewhat over a century later, in 1773, a bill was brought before parliament in which it was proposed to put a tax of 2 shillings in the pound (on net rents and annual profits) on absentee Irish landlords, and this would appear to be the only recorded attempt since to penalize absenteeism in any shape or form.—London Tit-Bits.

Nature's Gospel.

Sky and water, vapor and vegetation, earth and sun, are ever friendly and hospitable. They are perpetually running on some missionary errand in each other's behalf. They preach the creed of brotherhood in that temple whose roof is frretted with the stars.—Bishop Huntington.

SMOKING A CIGAR.

One Way of Doing It That Is Said to Be an Impossibility.

"I have a customer who thinks he smokes twenty cigars a day," said a downtown dealer. "As a matter of fact, he gives away many of them and throws away some that are only partly consumed. However, he is firm in the belief that he smokes more actual tobacco than any man in New York, and a boast on the subject in my store yesterday led to a curious bet.

"He declared, to begin with, that he could smoke three ordinary cigars in half an hour. A bystander remarked that no man alive could smoke even one cigar continuously until it was consumed without taking it from his lips. 'Bosh!' said my man. 'I do that right along and think nothing of it.'

"'I'll bet you a box of perfectos you can't do it right now,' said the other, and in half a minute the wager was made. By its terms the cigar was to be consumed in steady consecutive puffs and not removed from the lips until burned to a mark one and a half inches from the tip. A clear Havana Colorado Madura was selected for the test, and the smoker took a seat and began.

"He puffed like an engine for about two minutes and accumulated something under half an inch of ash, and then he began to wobble. He shifted the cigar from side to side, puffed slow and fast and seemed to have difficulty getting his breath between the draws. At any rate, he kept turning his head to avoid the smoke and finally got to laughing. I could see he was in torture, but he stuck to it until he got within half an inch of the mark. Then he jumped up suddenly, threw the cigar away and walked out of the shop.

"I paid the bet and charged it to his account, and he told me last evening that the very idea of tobacco made him sick. I doubt whether it would be possible for anybody to smoke even a moderately strong cigar through in the manner I have described."—New York Press.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Lowest Rates to St. Louis and Return.

Via the Nickel Plate Road. Stopover allowed at Chicago on all World's Fair tickets, and at Cleveland, on all except the coach excursion tickets. For particulars see local ticket agents, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

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75c each

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Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

God Save the Commonwealth.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1893, (and its several amendments) I, Chas. E. Mays, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 8th day of November, A. D., 1904 (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for President of the United States.

One person for Vice President of the United States.

One person for Judge of the Supreme Court.

One person for Representative in Congress.

One person for Senator in the General Assembly.

Two persons for Representatives in the General Assembly.

One person for County Treasurer.

One person for Coroner.

One person for Select Concil, First Ward, City of Bradford.

THE FOLLOWING IS INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

TO VOTE A STRAIGHT PARTY TICKET, MARK A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE IN THE FIRST COLUMN, OPPOSITE THE NAME OF THE PARTY OF YOUR CHOICE.

A CROSS MARK IN THE SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF ANY CANDIDATE INDICATES A VOTE FOR THAT CANDIDATE.

A CROSS MARK IN SQUARE OPPOSITE NAMES OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IS A VOTE FOR ALL ELECTORS OF THAT PARTY, BUT FOR NO OTHER CANDIDATES.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:—

For President and Vice President of the United States.

ROOSEVELT AND FAIRBANKS, REPUBLICAN.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Robert Pitcairn.
Levi G. McCauley.
George J. Elliott.
Joseph B. McCall.
Robert C. H. Brock.
John E. Reyburn.
Kennedy Crossan.
Edward W. Patton.
John Taylor Wolfenden.
Joseph Besler.
James D. Landis.
Frederic W. Fleitz.
Frederick C. Johnson.
Walter J. Whitehouse.
Charles D. Werley.
John H. Brown.
Edward G. Schieffelin.
William C. McConnell.
W. Scott Alexander.
John Hays.
William Lauder.
George L. Deardorff.
James Orlando Brooklunk.
John B. Negley.
Isaiah Good.
William S. Parker.
John C. Sturgeon.
Archibald Johnston.
J. Frank Graff.
J. C. Millin.
Charles W. Dahlinger.
Albert P. Burchfield.
J. Welfred Holmes.
William McConway.

PARKER AND DAVIS, DEMOCRATIC.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Robert Wilson Irwin.
Stanley Woodward Davenport.
Harry Nicholls.
Joseph Reeves Wainwright.
John M. Campbell.
James M. Stewart.
H. Maxwell Rowland.
Moses Veale.
Emil Holl.
Benjamin Sterling Johnson.
William Hayes Grier.
William Craig.
John McGahren.
Chas. F. King.
Alvin Clouser.
John Sullivan.
John B. Coulston.
Alphonsus Walsh.
Samuel Z. Hawbecker.
Robert E. Weigley.
Lucian D. Woodruff.
Nevin M. Wanner.
Timothy E. Costello.
William T. Mechling.
Rockwell Marietta.
Charles H. Akens.
James P. Colter.
M. Frank Coolbaugh.
Alfred W. Smiley.
S. E. Walker.
Henry Meyer.
Thomas B. Foley.
George Heard.
Charles B. Payne.

SWALLOW AND CARROLL, PROHIBITION.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Herbert T. Ames.
Daniel G. Hendricks.
A. Foster Mullin.
Edward B. Cooper.
Edward R. Steinmetz.
Charles Reading Jones.
Samuel Christian.
Lewis Lincoln Eavenson.
Charles Palmer.
Howard Leopold.
H. D. Patton.
William W. Lathrope.
William Benjamin Bertels.
Harry Albert Reber.
William M. Stauffer.
Charles W. Hathaway.
James Mantel.
B. Budd Cannon.
Jeremiah Sowers Yaukey.
John D. Graybill.
Daniel Kloss.
John Henry Hector.
Elisha Kent Kane.
Edwin R. Worrell.
William Simpson Throckmorton.
Capt. M. S. Marquis.
George W. Fellows.
Edward Everett Dixon.
John B. Bair.
Henry C. Cockrum.
Thomas P. Hershberger.
J. P. Knox.
J. J. Porter.
Matthew H. Stevenson.

DEBS AND HANFORD, SOCIALIST.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Edward J. Cook.
Henry Peter.
John S. Holmes.
William D. Altman.
Thomas J. Frederick.
Andrew P. Bower.
Elwood W. Leffler.
Robert E. Ringler.
John H. Nase.
Alfred Chatelain.
Edward A. Evans.
Bernard V. Kennedy.
William H. Keevan.
Walter Nelson Lodge.
Peter C. Heydrick.
Davis A. Palmer.
Conrad J. Rechsteine.
Arthur J. Dennis.
Frank B. Field.
William A. Stroup.
John D. Orlip.
Elmer H. Young.
John A. Sturgis.
Patrick Smith.
Edward Kuppinger.
Walter W. Elfrl.
Julius Weber.
Paul B. Wreath.
Christian Sauer.
Frederick W. Skorsets.
Herman Lemke.
Adolphus A. McKeen.
Harvey W. Shay.
Francis J. Rogers.

CORREGAN AND COX, SOCIALIST LABOR

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Edmund Seidel.
Charles Darner.
James Erwin.
Detlef Reider.
Albert Gay.
James Ryan.
William Butzel.
James Ray.
George Anton.
Peter Flanigan.
Louis Katz.
Silas Hinkel.
David Wisher.
John Bach.
Herman Spittal.
L. Cunningham.
J. F. Ginkenbach.
C. Schleicher.
J. Doyins.
A. Black.
Joseph Mullan.
E. R. Markley.
John A. Barron.
John Klen.
Jenkin James.
Harry Jenkins.
G. A. Brown.
Aug. Clever.
P. C. Tesson.

PARKER AND DAVIS, INDEPENDENCE.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 34)

Robert Wilson Irwin.
Stanley Woodward Davenport.
Harry Nicholls.
Joseph Reeves Wainwright.
John M. Campbell.
James M. Stewart.
H. Maxwell Rowland.
Moses Veale.
Emil Holl.
Benjamin Sterling Johnson.
William Hayes Grier.
William Craig.
John McGahren.
Chas. F. King.
Alvin Clouser.
John Sullivan.
John B. Coulston.
Alphonsus Walsh.
Samuel Z. Hawbecker.
Robert E. Weigley.
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Nevin M. Wanner.
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Rockwell Marietta.
Charles H. Akens.
James P. Colter.
M. Frank Coolbaugh.
Alfred W. Smiley.
S. E. Walker.
Henry Meyer.
Thomas B. Foley.
George Heard.
Charles B. Payne.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

(Mark One)

John P. Elkin, Republican.
Samuel Gustine Thompson { Democratic. Independence.
A. A. Stevens, Prohibition.
George W. Bacon, Socialist.
Archibald A. Grant, Socialist Labor.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

(Mark One)

Solomon R. Dresser, Republican.
Charles W. Shaffer, Democratic.
Samuel C. Watts, Prohibition.
James D. Blair, Socialist.

SENATOR IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark One)

Myron Matson, Republican.
Charles L. Peck, Democratic.

REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark Two)

John W. Campbell, Republican.
Joseph M. McElroy, Republican.
Gustavus A. Korner, Democratic.
I. B. Reed, Prohibition.
Paul P. Lyon, Prohibition.
James M. Barr, Socialist.
E. A. Esler, Socialist.

COUNTY TREASURER.

(Mark One)

S. D. Weaver, Republican.
William F. Potter, Democratic.
L. W. Howden, Prohibition.
John S. Stark, Socialist.

CORONER.

(Mark One)

B. H. Hall, Republican.
Joseph H. Robison, Democratic.
H. A. Place, Prohibition.
George A. Brown, Socialist.

I also make known and give notice that there will be an election in the First Ward of the City of Bradford for the purpose of electing a Select Councilman from said Ward, and the following is the nomination for said office.

SELECT COUNCIL, FIRST WARD CITY OF BRADFORD.

(Mark One)

Frank P. Holley, Democratic.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

The township of Annin at the building known as Simpson's store, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the Southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At Edgett's barn.

Third ward, First district—At the store-room No. 118 Washington street.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth Ward—The room formerly used for the Post Office in said Sixth Ward, located at No. 395 East Main street, and known as the "Sherman Building" in said Sixth Ward of said City of Bradford.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the county commissioners.

The township of Ceres at the Ceres village school house.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by E. D. Tome, across the highway from said Tome's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 3782, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at hose house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred at a new building on the Barden Brook road.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—The Opera House Building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hazelhurst.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The west room of the second floor of the city building on the west side of Railroad street in said borough.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second district—The ground floor of Maccabee hall situate at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said Hall, situated on the South side of the public highway leading through East Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith Shop.

Second district—At new building of J. C. Stull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park Avenue in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—The City or Municipal Building, situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third ward—The lower floor or truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle street in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—The Hose House on the south side of the main Road, in the Village of Lewis Run.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the Village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Elisha K. Kane, in the village of Olivedale, in said Township of Lafayette.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Gardeau.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the Village of Bixford in said Township of Otto.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

The Old School House on the North Side of the Wilcox Road at East Kane, opposite John Nelson's store.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Glen Hazel.

Second district—The building of Penn Chemical Company at Hutchins.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporated district, is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 25th day of October, A. D. 1904.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

C. A. BURDICK

—DEALER IN—

Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing old and reliable Fire, Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance Companies.

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

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E. L. Keenan,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.

Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 30 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302, B.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night.

Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Bonnighoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES MCGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

126 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

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Smethport, Pa.